

DEMOCRACY ARRIVES. From the Fortnightly Review.

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THE KERRY COW.

It's in Connacht or in Munster that
 yourself might travel wide,
 And be asking all the herds you'd meet
 along the countryside,
 But you'd never meet a one could show
 the likes of her till now,
 Where she's grazing in a Leinster field,
 —my little Kerry cow.

If herself went to the cattle fairs she'd
 put all cows to shame,
 For the finest poets of the land would
 meet to sing her fame;
 And the young girls would be asking
 leave to stroke her satin coat,
 They'd be praising and caressing her,
 and calling her a dote.

If the King of Spain gets news of her
 he'll fill his purse with gold,
 And set sail to ask the English King
 where she is to be sold;
 But the King of Spain may come to
 me, a crown upon his brow,
 It is he may keep his golden purse—
 and I my Kerry cow.

The priest maybe will tell her fame to
 the Holy Pope of Rome,
 And the Cardinals' College send for her
 to leave her Irish home;
 But it's heart-broke she would be itself
 to cross the Irish Sea,
 'Twould be best they'd send a blessing
 to my Kerry cow and me.

When the Ulster men hear tell of her
 they'll come with swords and pikes,
 For it's civil war there'll be no less if
 they should see her likes;
 And you'll read it on the paper of the
 bloody fight there's been,
 An' the Orangemen they're burying in
 fields of Leinster green.

There are red cows that's contrary, and
 there's white cows quare an'
 wild,
 But my Kerry cow is biddable an' gen-
 tle as a child.
 You might rare up kings and heroes on
 the lovely milk she yields,
 For she's fit to foster generals to fight
 our battlefields.

In the histories they'll be making
 they've a right to put her name,
 With the horse of Troy and Oisín's
 hounds and other beasts of fame.
 And the painters will be painting her
 beneath the hawthorn bough,
 Where she's grazing on the good green
 grass,—my little Kerry cow.

W. M. Letts.

The Spectator.

I ASK.

My happy lime is gold with flowers;
 All day the courting breezes blow
 On love pipes; and the wild bees beat
 The drums of summer; gay the hours
 Fly past, . . . A woman in the heat,
 Poor soul, lies dying down below!

I lay between the rose so red,
 And honey-whitened lily cup,
 Receiving Heaven. . . And, in view,
 There in the field, a calf was dead,
 Whose lightless velvet eye looked up
 At that same burning summer blue!

* * * * *

Behind the fairest masks of life,
 It seems, lies this pale constant death.
 What, my philosophers, to say?
 Shall we keep wistful death to wife?
 Or hide her image deep away,
 And, wanton, draw forgetful breath?

John Galsworthy.

The Nation.

"ONE CALLED HELP."

You came to me, friend, with the chal-
 ice of help in your hand,
 With pardon, and healing for one
 who was wounded by shame.
 Ay, straight to my side you came down,
 through that desolate land;
 You brought me the Water of Life:
 and you called me by name.
 You were not ashamed to be there in
 the palace of Sin:
 You knelt by my side, and you bade
 me look out through the bars:
 Then shattered the bolts that could
 only be burst from within.
 And rose with captivity captive once
 more to the stars.

Muriel G. E. Harris.

The Westminster Gazette.

DEMOCRACY ARRIVES.

It has come at last, the democracy which many of us have looked forward to with as much apprehension as others have with hope. And it has come, like all great movements, with a certain dramatic suddenness. While we have been sleeping, the seed has been growing, and almost before we are aware, we have had the blade and the ear prelude the future harvest. "Like a thief in the night"—that is the only comparison which does justice to the suddenness of the phenomenon, or, rather, perhaps, to our sleepy misapprehension of the underground forces which have been working for so long in one single direction. Now, as we look back on the evolution which has been going on for several years, we seem to discover all sorts of signs and portents which might have warned us of what was to come. There was, to begin with, the extraordinary apathy of the English people within recent months, which politicians sought to explain as best they could, and deplored as significant of we know not what obscure social peril. Now we understand what that popular apathy and incuriousness meant. The people refused to be galvanized into interest by subjects like Tariff Reform, or the constitution of the House of Lords, or this or that panacea of strenuous party men in the House. Even on the subject of Irish Home Rule there was rather a sombre acquiescence than any positive decision one way or another. So far as they allowed themselves to be interested in anything, the people in two successive elections declared that if it were true that the House of Peers obstructed radical and popular legislation, they must be done away with. But they were not very keen on the matter, and now we know the reason why. The one absorbing preoccupa-

tion in their minds was the social status of the working classes. When are we coming to our own? was the solitary question which arrested their intelligence, to the exclusion of everything else. When shall we, the democracy of England, attain to a position in which we can secure for ourselves that modicum of comfort and ease which we desire? No other topic was of the same burning importance, because, in that obscure fashion in which great movements are engineered, it had suddenly occurred simultaneously to all orders of democratic intelligence that now or never was the appointed time. The working classes were prepared to take the tide at the flood in the hope that it would lead on to their permanent fortune. Everything else held to be significant was only viewed from this political and social angle. Even the Coronation itself failed to impress the people as much as most spectators anticipated, because, prelude as it was by the shipping strike, it had to compete with that topic of tremendous interest, the emergence of Democracy into a position of definite power and authority.

As we look back, the course of development is clear. But, inasmuch as the majority of men take short views, it is not surprising that the sudden arrival of democracy seemed to be abrupt and unexpected. England was confronted with a not dissimilar crisis in 1832, when, as we have now heard *ad nauseam*, the Duke of Wellington thought it his supreme duty as a statesman to allow a Reform Bill to pass with which personally he did not agree, in order that his Sovereign's prestige might be inviolate, and the safety of the body politic secure. From 1832 onwards dates the rise of the middle

class in England. In earlier centuries the barons had fought the King; now the rising industrialists fought the landed interest. Their hour had struck, and at a time singularly propitious for their welfare. All through the first half of the reign of Queen Victoria the middle classes were coming to their own with a vengeance, and they brought with them that determination to excel in commerce and trade which justified the Napoleonic taunt that we were a nation of shopkeepers. But on the whole it cannot be said that the middle classes used their power in any very estimable or reputable way. They built up large fortunes for themselves. They took their firm stand on principles of individualism. They transformed, according to the measure of their power, the aristocratic Government of England into an oligarchy—an oligarchy of wealthy men. Above all, they inaugurated the reign of money-bags as the sole criterion of civic worth. They used their power selfishly, after all. They did not care very much for the State. They possessed a creed somewhat narrow and inelastic, which became known to the world as the "creed of Manchester," and was promptly parodied in later times by what we now call "Brummagem." "Each one for himself and Devil take the hindermost," was practically the doctrine in which they believed. They aped the classes above them in social extravagance. They kept the class below them, so far as they dared, under their heel. The reign of the middle class in England was not an attractive period, albeit that it established the commercial superiority of Great Britain. These middle classes had no notion either of the beauty of art, or the beauty of holiness. They were not cultivated, except in a narrow and parochial fashion. Their god was a Jehovah who was on the side of money-

bags, and they were almost to a man Little Englanders.

The rise of an Imperialistic spirit was the beginning of the end for the middle class *régime*. The newer radicalism, as interpreted by Mr. Chamberlain and his followers, included not only certain ideals of Greater Britain in all the Seven Seas, but was expressly founded on the notion of a democracy, whose needs and aspirations had not hitherto been considered. "The people" no longer meant the commercial magnates and the shopkeepers, but included new elements, elements hitherto untried and unknown, which quickly made their mark as soon as the opportunity was given. In faint and elusive manner, also, arose ideas of Collectivism and Socialism, which were the direct antithesis of the Individualism of the middle class. The deep impression made by the Boer War upon the working classes has never yet received its due meed of attention. Obscurely, inarticulately, but determinedly, the people vowed that whatever wars there might be in the future, they should not be waged in the interests of capitalism. Trade Unions, already formidable, began to rise in importance. In labor war after labor war the people won. The Labor Party sprang suddenly into prominence. It came to be recognized that the Demos would have something to say for itself—a Demos by no means opposed to the Imperialistic spirit, and more likely to do justice to the claims of art than the narrow, Puritanical intelligence of the classes immediately above them. We need not carry out the history in detail. In due course of time arose the prophet of the new democracy, Mr. Lloyd George, who, as one of the people, set himself, with absolute consistency of effort and no small measure of statesmanlike presence, to convert England into a real democracy, partly by definite acts of legislation, such as the Finance Bill of

two years ago, partly by inspiring and kindling the notion that England did not exist for the upper or the middle classes, but in especial for the lower classes. The movement was not unreflected in literature, although it would take us too far from our theme to go into that department. But anyone who had read the romances of Mr. H. G. Wells, and such studies in the life of the people as Mr. Arthur Morrison's *Tales of Mean Streets*, Mr. Pett Ridge's *Mord Em'ly*, Mr. Nell Lyons' *Arthur's* and *A Set of Sixpences*, to say nothing of Mr. Galsworthy's plays and the influence of Tolstoy, could hardly fail to observe which way matters were tending, or be surprised at the result with which we are now confronted. For what we see before us at the present moment is no isolated or partial phenomenon. It is the real inauguration of the reign of King Demos.

The methods of the new domination are not pleasant, for they consist largely of strikes and what is, in embryo, civic revolution. At the same time, it is very difficult to see what other method the democracy could have employed, for a strike is the only weapon in the hands of the working classes, and it is by means of strikes that every rise in their position has been brought about. The capitalists have so many advantages that the only fashion in which working men can checkmate their power is by bringing industry itself to a standstill by means of a flat refusal to work. An universal strike is one of those vague but inspiring ideals which have often hovered before the imagination of the French, but it is fairly new in our own country. Probably it is not practicable; still the mere threat of it is enough to paralyze most of the industries of the nation. No doubt the Railway Strike, just ended, came as a sheer surprise to most people; and yet those who know the facts must

have anticipated something of the kind, because they are aware of what happened in 1907, when Mr. Lloyd George patched up the matter with his Boards of Conciliation, while from time to time came rumors of discontent and what we sometimes call disloyalty—although the term is a question-begging appellative—on the part of the railway men. But what brought the whole underground movement into open day was the wonderful success of the Sailors' and Firemen's Strike. We were told that the sailors were helpless, because they were entirely devoid of organization. They had no particular Trade Union to help them, while they were confronted by the Shipping Federation—a Federation of their employers—supposed to be of enormous power and unshakable authority. The ship-owners loudly boasted that they could crush the revolt in the germ, and for some time it was supposed that their exultation was based on real strength. But, to the wonder of the world, it was the sailors and firemen who conquered and not the ship-owners. If we ask how such a result came to pass, the answer is that it was due partly to the Transport Workers' Federation—a newly-formed and most efficient organization—and partly to the definite employment of what we now call the "sympathetic" strike, a comparatively new feature in industrial wars. The dockers and carmen came out in support of the sailors and firemen, not because they were primarily attacked, but out of frank sympathy with the original strikers. The victory was complete enough, for the Port Authority in London granted concessions which entirely transformed the position of those who worked for them, and the natural inference which every man of sense drew from the strike and its issue was one eminently consoling for all poor and struggling workers, who had hitherto almost despaired of getting their

grievances known. If sailors and firemen could win, there was no reason why every class should not win; and the excitement spread far and wide, with all the contagiousness of a great social victory, won against great odds, and totally unexpected by the capitalist class. From the transport workers the movement naturally spread to the railway men; and here, the ground being already prepared by previous difficulties, the conflagration burst out far and wide. For what was the great object of the movement? What was the great principle involved in the struggle? It was nothing less than this: that the workers saw at last an opportunity of coming to their own, of securing for themselves conditions which hitherto had been denied them—better wages, a more reasonable form of life. The significant fact which confronts us in reference to this sudden outburst of labor discontent is that while employers of labor have been getting rich, and while all the ordinary conditions of life have been growing more expensive within the last ten or twenty years, the wages of the majority of railway workers have either been stationary, or have only shown the very slightest increase. A man who works for a cartage contractor now secures, thanks to a successful strike, wages which are denied by the railway companies to the men who do precisely the same sort of work in the station yards. Is it surprising that the railway man, seeing his brother earning 30s. a week, while he only gets 23s., should take the earliest opportunity of trying to readjust so unequal a balance?

Moreover we now begin to see clearly at work that principle of the solidarity of labor which was first formulated in modern days at the time of the great Australian Strike of 1890. It will be remembered that this followed only one year after the Dockers' Strike of 1889, and that Mr. Tom Mann and Mr.

Ben Tillett, who had shared with Mr. John Burns the honors of the Dockers' victory, also played a prominent part in the Australian labor troubles. Mr. Tillett, in the stirring days of August, 1911, must often have remembered August, 1889, when a small local dispute with a few dock laborers, aided after a few days by a "sympathetic" strike of stevedores and lightermen, and backed by £30,000 of Australian money, swelled into a movement which paralyzed the Port of London for a month, and transformed the Dockers' Union from a mere handful of 800 men into a powerful organization, counting 20,000 members. The Dockers won all along the line. No wonder they tried to repay their debt of gratitude to Australia, and to mark their sense of the solidarity of labor by sending their leaders to the aid of their Australian brothers.

Labor troubles had been frequent in Australia from the days when free immigrants and time-expired convicts had succeeded in making good their objection to the competition of the bonded laborer. Then came the gold fever, and a consequent scarcity of labor for other industries, so that workmen could practically make their own terms as to hours and wages. Australia became the workman's paradise. Up to 1886 wages steadily rose to heights undreamt of in Great Britain, as much as 8s. a day being paid to a general laborer. Reaction necessarily trod on the heels of such victories; the later 'eighties saw much discontent and a multiplicity of minor strikes in individual industries. Amongst miners especially there was a chronic state of war, with varying results; but on the whole the labor organizations held their ground, and when they saw the great results achieved by comparatively unorganized and unskilled British labor in 1889, they determined to strike a decisive blow for industrial freedom. In September, 1890, just at the height of

the wool season, the Inter-Colonial Labor Conference called out 40,000 men. By the end of October another 20,000, mainly wool shearers, had joined them, and every class of worker concerned with the handling or shipping of wool came out in sympathy. A month later peace was restored, and the employers gained a temporary victory; but the principle of solidarity, once established, was destined to go far. The immediate result was the formation of the Labor Party. In 1891 that party gained 35 out of 125 seats in the New South Wales Parliament, and in the equal division of other parties, held the key of the position. The advantage thus gained was subsequently lost by a divergence of views upon fiscal issues; and in 1894 the party introduced the so-called "solidarity pledge," declining to support any candidate who refused to promise to vote on all occasions as the majority of the party might decide. Since then the party has acted as an unit under the firm control of a determined caucus, allying itself with no other party, but supporting the Government for the time being, when Government measures are in agreement with Labor policy.

It is not difficult to see the parallel at home. Solidarity is, of course, not a new principle. Liberty, equality and fraternity was only the eighteenth century way of expressing it; the brotherhood of the workers, so loudly proclaimed by the International Working Men's Association of the 'sixties, was the same story over again. But with the twentieth century idealism has translated itself into terms of practice. The International vanished into the mists of theory, and went under in the Commune, only to reappear, as France recovered from the staggering blow of the war, in the "syndicalism," which tends more and more to unite French workmen into a body conscious of common interests, and definitely anti-mil-

tarist. In England, as we have already pointed out, the Boer War, and the rapid rise of unemployment which followed, made almost as deep an impression. The "khaki" election of 1900 had its answer in the sweeping Liberal victory of 1906, and the sudden emergence into politics of a Labor Party, formidable enough to be reckoned henceforward as a factor in politics. The elections of 1910 make the parallel closer. They showed that, as in Australia, opinion in the middle classes is pretty evenly divided, and that, leaving Ireland and its special conditions out of account, victory lies with that party which can best make terms with the representatives of labor. Are we not right, then, to say that democracy has arrived? Radicalism, or Tory democracy—one of these two it has to be. For whatever Government may be in power, it can only get its measures through when it has made its terms with that embodiment of the people's will, that small, compact group which has first made vocal the deep, inarticulate, and growing conviction amongst the working classes that from henceforth they are to have a determining voice in the distribution of the national wealth.

There is no need to recapitulate the course of recent events. The "Great Strike" of August 1911, is over, the "prophet of democracy" has won fresh laurels, and, Labor has won a signal victory. No one who walked about London with seeing eyes is likely ever to forget the spectacle of the streets and the railway stations, the troops of soldiers, each with a policeman marching at the head, the masses of men and women who had come out to look at a peaceful revolution, the interest and sympathy evinced in the casual remarks of the passers-by, the scraps of information called out by 'bus conductors to each other—as that "So-and-So's men are all out, I seen 'em march-

ing down the road," or "There's two warships coming up the Thames, against the dockers come out again," and other picturesque mixtures of fact and fiction. No such memorable sight has been seen in our generation, and, indeed, it cannot be too often urged that what we have seen with our eyes is nothing less than revolution, and, except for a few regrettable incidents, especially amongst the turbulent population of Liverpool, and in excitable Wales, a peaceful revolution. The strikers have won. Wrap it up as we may in talk of concessions and conciliation, the strikes have been terminated, one by one, by conceding a large part of the men's demands; and when we hear that in Manchester, for instance, those demands centred in an effort to raise the general average of wages for transport workers *up to 20s. a day*, it is difficult to withhold our sympathy. But the pressing question is, What next? What new measures can the workers, or the employers, or the Government, take to secure industrial peace with due regard to the emphatic determination of democracy to have its say in the settlement of its own affairs?

Certain alternatives can be unhesitatingly dismissed. There can be no question any longer of refusal to recognize the labor organizations. No doubt the deep-rooted individualism of the older Liberals has much to be said for it; but nothing is clearer than that the cut-and-dried methods of the *laissez faire* school are worse than ineffective under modern conditions. It was not the coldly legal utterances of the Prime Minister which succeeded; it was the persuasive accents of the man who knows the people from within, and who is prepared to let the people speak through the mouths of their own chosen representatives. No doubt the employer is free to say, as Lord Penrhyn said to his quarrymen, "I will

deal only with individuals; I will not deal with organized individuals." But the employed are equally free to reply, as the great Friendly Societies say in their motto, "United we stand; divided we fall." If the State is to intervene, either authoritatively or by way of conciliation, it can only intervene to see fair play, and to speak of fair play between an employer backed by capital and workmen unsupported by a Union is to use words without meaning. The individual employer, we repeat, may refuse to recognize the Unions, because in the last resort he is free to close his works, transfer his capital elsewhere, and go out of business. But the great transport industries of the country concern the country as a whole. They are absolutely necessary to the national existence, and as such must undoubtedly be either State-protected or State-controlled. Perhaps one of the first results of the Great Strike will be a renewed outcry for the "nationalization" of railways. We should view any such outcome with deep regret, for although some of the worst lines would no doubt be levelled up, some of the best would be levelled down, and the competition which quickens our expresses, improves our carriages, and keeps our railway management lively, is a thing we should be loath to lose. Moreover, the example of France is not encouraging. French newspapers unite in condemning the State management, which makes the history of the Western Railway a chronicle of *sabotage* and disaster. But to say that the railways are to continue to manage their own affairs is not to say that they are to do so unrestricted. The control of common carriers has always been a matter with which the law had to deal, and if the Government are, as is suggested, to give the Companies increased power of raising their charges to the public, it would not be unreasonable to restrict their power to refuse recogni-

tion to labor organizations formed for purposes recognized by the Trade Union Acts.

It will be urged of course, that this gradual widening of State control is another name for the advent of the Socialistic state. The newspapers have made much play of late with the bogey of Socialism. But how do they like the alternative? If individuals are to fight out their own battles whilst the State looks on, what is to prevent the enormous dislocation of public business and interference with public comfort involved in these far-spreading industrial disputes? Some sort of Governmental action is inevitably called for, call it Socialism if you will. Have not the newspapers been crying out on all hands for State interference, to coerce the malcontents, to "protect the loyal workers," to get *paterfamilias* his morning paper and his customary suburban train? Given State interference, you can have any kind you like from a tocracy to Socialism. At one end of the scale you can have the dictatorship which proclaims martial law and mows down malcontents with maxim guns; at the other end you have the government "broad-based upon the people's will," which it is the fashion nowadays to call Socialistic. But both are government. The only question is whether you are going to govern in the interests of the one, or the few, or the many. Now that the many have learned their power and how to use it, it looks as if government in the interests of the few, or even of the middle classes, was no longer within the sphere of practical politics.

Granted, then, the necessity of some degree of Government intervention in labor disputes when they reach a certain degree of intensity, there remains the question of how to make that intervention as little irritating to either party and as little coercive as may be. Arbitration, whether compulsory or

voluntary, has in the past proved disappointing. It is distrusted by the workmen, who think that too often it has proceeded on the "heads I win, tails you lose" principle. It is distrusted by the employers, who allege that in too many instances, whether with or without the sanction of their unions, employees bound to observe certain terms have struck work again without notice and contrary to the award. On the whole, Conciliation Boards seem to meet with more favor, both because they can take action at an earlier stage in the dispute, and because they can be made more or less permanent institutions in important industries. The Royal Commission on Labor of 1891, the appointment of which was an indirect result of the Dock Strike, expressed itself somewhat strongly in favor of the principle, which was strikingly illustrated during the years when the Commission was sitting by the signal success of the Conference presided over by Lord Rosebery in terminating the great mining strike of 1893. The Liberal Administration in power when the Labor Commission's Report was laid before Parliament in 1894, proceeded to create a special Labor Department of the Board of Trade; but this institution fell under the influence of that little *doctrinaire* group of Liberals, lately satirized by Mr. H. G. Wells, who think that the world can be ruled by phrases and statistics when men and women are crying for bread and air. The result was not unnaturally disappointing. In 1896 the principle of intervention received definite legal sanction by the passing of the Conciliation Act, which empowers the Board of Trade, "where a difference exists or is apprehended between any employer, or any class of employers, and workmen, or between different classes of workmen," to hold an inquiry, or endeavor to arrange a meeting, and on the application of either

party to appoint a Conciliator or Board of Conciliation. On the application of both parties the Board of Trade may appoint an arbitrator.

It is obvious that the success of such a system depends largely on the personal equation. No machinery in the world, least of all statistic-collecting officialdom, can do much good when matters have come to a crisis, or even when a prolonged process of pinpricks have brought about the overwrought state of nerves which explodes in such sudden strikes for apparently trivial causes as affected the railway world throughout last year. It is not enough to have a permanent official; indeed, it is undesirable to leave such a delicate task to any official. Who have been the successful conciliators? Men of the world, men of affairs, men especially like Lord Rosebery and Mr. Lloyd George, with the orator's gift and the orator's quick sympathy with

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his audience. Is it not time to include in the Cabinet a Minister of Labor, someone who can relieve the President of the Board of Trade of some part of his multifarious duties, take over his Labor Department, and breathe fresh life into it, control the newly-founded Labor Exchanges, grapple with the great problem of unemployment, and so keep in touch with the industrial world that he can speak that word in season to one or both of the parties in any industry which shows signs of coming trouble? He would need to be not the least gifted member of the Cabinet. Tact and sympathy would have to be added to knowledge; he must know men as well as know how to rule them. Will the Government take the matter into their consideration, and will the Chancellor of the Exchequer prove his devotion to the cause of the people by consenting to take the newly-created portfolio?

AN AIRSHIP VOYAGE.

After weeks of waiting the great airship built by the firm of MM. Lebaudy Frères for the "Morning Post" National Fund was ready for her journey to England. We had seen the stout canvas of her envelope cut out into symmetrical panels and sewn together into an enormous tapering cylinder over 100 yards long and 40 feet in diameter, and the heavy steel tubes of her framework and car welded into place and fitted with their countless suspending cables; we had watched the envelope gradually swelling with the hydrogen gas, the invisible force which, like a Djinn of the "Arabian Nights" let loose from the huge stone bottles of sulphuric acid and the barrels of iron filings that encumbered the waste ground about the shed, was to raise a burden of some

nine tons six thousand feet above the earth.

Then had followed the time of the first trials. Awakened two or three hours before the gray autumnal dawn, we had waited more or less patiently up to the knees in dripping grass for the wind to fall or the fog to lift. At last, after days of patience, four trial flights had been accomplished; the airship had found herself, like the steamer of Mr. Kipling's story, and proved herself air-worthy; her designer, M. Julliot, had declared himself satisfied; and on the next favorable day she was to make her first real voyage straight from her shed at Moisson (near Mantes), across 120 miles of land and 80 miles of sea, to the Army Balloon Factory, South Farnborough.

A single preoccupation possessed the little party which ate and slept at the hotel of the *Maison Rouge*, and that preoccupation was the weather. When we had done justice to the excellent food our hostess provided to console us for our daily disappointment, over the good red wine, Louis Capazza, our pilot, would tell us stories of the air, while a French naval lieutenant, who was there to swing our compass, would cap them with legends of the sea or our landlord would beguile the time with improbable tales of the motor-races in which he had taken part. But ever and anon one or the other of us would rise from his seat and, half-ashamed of his persistence, go out into the night to see how the clouds were driving and to ask the village weather prophet, the keeper of the toll-bridge across the Seine, the prospects for the morrow.

All the preparations for our voyage were completed. A British destroyer was waiting off the coast to convoy us across the Channel, and all day and all night we were receiving by telegraph and telephone weather reports from the men on the French and English coasts in charge of the captive balloons which were to mark our course. At two in the morning the first telegram of the day would arrive, and after that sleep was banished. We all dressed and hastened to the shed with sleep still heavy upon us, and there, each squatting on a ballast-bag, held solemn conclave as to the possibility of starting.

On these occasions Capazza was never happy if he was not out in the plain watching the wire cable which held a captive balloon invisible in the darkness above and which, swaying this way or that, marked every vagary of the wind. He is the finest type of aeronaut, and than him no one has risked his life more freely and more cheerfully in the cause of aeronautical

science. With his gray Vandyke beard and waving white hair he recalls the pictures of the Elizabethan sea-captains, and his eyes, which experience has gifted with an uncanny power of vision, would have met even Drake's scowl without flinching. He has descended in a parachute from the height of Mont Blanc, and trusted himself in a free balloon to the wind's caprice with all the Mediterranean before him, landing by a miracle on his native Corsica; but no danger has ever deprived him of his rare simplicity and love of all things beautiful. He may be silent and moody before a flight, but when everyone is chafing and tempers are all on edge he will be placidly picking wild flowers in the fields near the shed of his airship, and will find strange content in the suggestion of an opera played by a decrepit gramophone. A dash of bravado, as characteristic of the Southern races to-day as it was of the Elizabethan adventurer, mingles with his disconcerting directness of manner and adds the finishing touch to his picturesque figure.

If Capazza represents the adventurous spirit of the airman, Henri Julliot is the incarnation of his essential virtue, a smiling and indomitable patience. Hours before morning broke he would be sitting on a ballast-bag in the shed, which by the fitful light of two or three small electric lamps loomed huge and mysterious, with its vaulted roof borne up by complicated wooden columns that in the play of light and shadow seemed the carved pillars of a Gothic cathedral. Up aloft the great monster which his genius had created filled the roof, swaying uneasily to and fro as the men made all ready in the car. From time to time the religious silence would be broken by a sharp command or the clang of a hammer, while mysterious figures, the villagers of Moisson, who had come a hundred strong to take the airship from her shed, gathered in

the darkness and talked in sleepy whispers.

When, after days of waiting, nerves were strained to breaking-point, and the crew eager for the journey would inquire sarcastically whether there was still too little wind, Julliot would reply cheerfully, "If it is not to-day, it will be to-morrow," and would take us down to watch the opening of the great canvas door. As it was drawn aside, the first gray morning light made its way into the shed; the tapering gas-bag, with its 10,000 cubic mètres of gas straining wildly upwards, only restrained by countless bags of sand, seemed to be balanced on the sharp landing-point of the car, for all the world like a liner of some 6000 tons displacement turned up side down with her vast keel balanced on her funnel.

When we had abandoned hope, the day of our departure came. At 2 A.M. a telegram from the French coast told us that a violent easterly gale was blowing, and that it was impossible to put up the captive balloon; from Brighton the same tale. As the morning wore on we heard that the wind, though still strong, appeared to be abating. Julliot and Capazza were determined to start if it was possible; Julliot indeed seemed to delight in the idea of his airship wrestling with a strong cross-wind. At the shed it was a dead calm, and a thick mist, the *aéronaut's* worst foe, lay heavy over the country-side. We motored up to the hills behind the Seine, but even on their summit it was impossible to see fifty yards ahead. At 9 A.M. the attempt seemed hopeless, and 10 A.M. was the latest hour at which we could start if we were to allow for accidents and be sure of reaching Farnborough before nightfall. It would have been madness to attempt to find our way to the coast over a sea of mist.

We had had nothing to eat that morning, and as we motored down to

the hotel the moment for breakfast seemed to have arrived. Steaming coffee and long French rolls had just made their appearance when a shout from outside summoned us. As if by a miracle the mist had suddenly vanished and left a sunny autumn morning; not a moment was to be lost. With a rush each of us seized our impedimenta—oilskins, maps, Thermos flasks, field-glasses, and the like; breakfast was forgotten, though, thanks to a happy inspiration, I left the hotel brandishing a long French roll.

Eight, all told, we rushed wildly across the plain to the airship and scrambled, hot and panting, up the ladder to our places in the car. Ballast-bags were passed up and down until the weight of the dirigible and the air that she displaced were practically equal. "We must be light," said Capazza, "so as to rise quickly and pass well above the hills." More bags of sand were handed down, and each of us threw overboard the metal seat which had been intended for our comfort, but which merely occupied valuable space. Then came the order "*Lâchez tout*"; the men below loosed their hold on the ropes, and the earth began to fall away miraculously from beneath our feet. The airship was rising quietly and majestically, but to us on board she seemed motionless; without a moment of transition we had passed from a world of haste and worry to a world of absolute peace. After the strain of waiting and the final rush a gentle drowsiness crept over me, and I only longed to stretch myself out lazily to enjoy to the full the placid content of being one with the subtle element of the air and of sharing for a time the superiority of the birds over our grosser humanity. Men were running and cheering on the plain, but all the turmoil below was infinitely distant, infinitely unimportant. One of the motors was running,

though not yet geared up to the propellers, and as it throbbed, anxious to be about its work, its even hum sounded as peaceful as the droning of a bumble-bee on a hot summer day, while the sun shone bright on the yellow monster above that was bearing us towards the sky.

Just a fortnight before, after twenty-four hours of weary travelling, I had leaned out of the carriage-window as the clanking train ran into a little Italian station. A little of the peace of Italy found its way into the noisy box in which we had been cooped all day. As the engine drew up, the village postman, with his bag and parcels, lazily sat down upon the footboard of the carriage, as though we had come all the many miles from Paris just to provide him with a seat. Two porters lounging against the wall were talking idly to a dark-eyed girl whose kerchief shone bright scarlet in the evening sunlight. The little *campo santo*, the village cemetery, built of brick baked from the rich red soil that lavishes prosperity without undue toll on the native of the Lombard plain, stood beside the station, guarded by rows of dark motionless poplars, sharp outlined against the blue Southern sky; with its warm red tints and the fresh green of the shrubs and grass that grew among the graves, it seemed the home of rest and tranquillity. The peace of that Italian evening was of the same quality as the peace which stole over me as we sought the upper air beyond the kingdom of the birds, and in a flash the whole scene passed once again before my eyes.

There was a little breeze from the E.S.E., and as we rose the great ship drifted slowly towards the shed. The tranquillity which I was enjoying was lost on Capazza and Léon, his assistant, who were hard at work—Capazza preparing his maps for the voyage and keeping a watchful eye on the barome-

ter that told our altitude and on the manometer that registered the pressure of gas in the envelope, while Léon tilted up a great sack of sand so that its contents ran down the ballast funnel, steadily lightening us. Then on a word from Capazza he sprang at one of the cords that open the gas-valves and, throwing his weight upon it, let a few cubic metres of gas escape with a roar far away in the stern; for the autumn sun was warming the envelope, and the pressure of the hydrogen in the balloon was growing too high. To my inexperienced eye it seemed for a few seconds that we were about to drift into the roof of the shed some 80 feet from the ground, but we were, as the barometer showed, already 100 feet above it. Léon turned for a second from the wheel that controls the horizontal planes, holding up two fingers, and at once one of the mechanics in the stern picked up two of the scores of cans of petrol that we were carrying as ballast and dropped them overboard, hesitating a second to find a safe place in the crowd below.

A shrill blast of a whistle and a signal from Capazza, and the propellers were started. With a roar, first the stern then the bow motor, each with its 130 H.P., was geared up, and the propellers began to revolve faster and faster. The airship forged slowly ahead and Capazza swung round his wheel, glancing back to see that the rudder far away above and behind us, with the Union Jack and Tricolor flying just beneath it, had answered truly. Due north-east and straight for Farnborough, 197 miles away as the crow flies, we headed. Léon meantime, mounted on two sacks of ballast so as to have a clear view ahead, was bringing the horizontal planes into play and forcing us up against the air like an aeroplane, turning from time to time to hold up two fingers as a sign to the mechanics to lighten us of two

more tins of petrol, which went crashing down into the little trees of the Forest of Moisson.

All this activity I had watched as in a dream. The world of peace had changed into a world of feverish action and deafening noise, but the sense of detachment was overwhelming; though only a spectator, I was a member of a little world without visible connection with the earth below, a world with a population of eight men all told, and so small that my arms could easily span the distance between the two steel rails which bounded it to right and left. I was startled from my reverie by a stern command from Capazza, who perhaps feared that a mere passenger would not realize the martial discipline that must reign on board an airship: "Clear out into the next compartment at once." With the best will in the world the command was not easy to perform; cumbered with a great-coat and heavy oilskin, I had to swing my legs over three cases of lubricating oil piled one on another as high as a man's waist, and then squeeze myself through the few inches of space left between them and the steel bar that marked the limit of the compartment, to land just in front of the whirling driving-wheel which transmitted the power of the motors to the centrifugal fans above. With a struggle and a wriggle it was accomplished, just as a shout from Capazza warned me not to get the skirts of my oilskin caught in the machinery—a warning that made me gather my coat tight about me and gave me an annoying preoccupation for the rest of the journey.

By this time we were passing over the great bend of the Seine which almost surrounds the plain of Moisson; 500 feet below was the ancient castle of La Roche Guyon perched on its inaccessible rock. After Agincourt for thirty years the banner of England had flown

from its keep; and as one gazed down on its ruins, strangely foreshortened from above, one could almost imagine its ancient garrison of archers, "tous lesquels," says the chronicler, "sont de nation d'Angleterre," awakened from their long sleep by the roar of our motors, watching from the ramparts the airship speeding on her five hours' journey to England, which must have seemed to them so far away.

Leaving the Seine to sweep down south to Bonnières, we cut across the ridge of hills. The sense of detachment from the world below was accentuated by a curious feeling of what Capazza called "désorientation"; the roads below were familiar to me—I had walked or motored over nearly all of them—and only forty-eight hours before three of us had narrowly escaped breaking our necks in a motor accident on a long hill which must at that moment have been just beneath us. But the countryside had become a very labyrinth of roads, running aimlessly in all directions and seeming, as they glistened white in the sun below, as countless and as complicated as the filaments of a spider's web. Even with my map before me I had lost all sense of direction and all desire to follow our course. It was good to be up in the kingdom of the air far above the birds and to watch idly through the hole in the floor in which the driving-wheel was set the petrol-cans following our course carried diagonally by our velocity and falling for seconds until they crashed into the trees that seemed tiny dark-green dots below, or opened out flat as they touched the ground, shooting out their contents in a cloud of white spray. A gaily painted château below, with its exact rows of poplars and its garden nicely cut into mathematical figures, might have been a doll's house. Over the fields the cigar-shaped shadow of the gas-bag glided smoothly like the shadow of a

little cloud, and told us that we were moving fast. Horses, terrified by the noise of our motors, galloped wildly round their pastures, and sometimes there was a flash across the grass just visible from 1000 feet above, as a white-tailed rabbit scurried to its burrow.

Capazza was hard at work; for the east wind was freshening, and to keep our course we had continually to beat up into its teeth. Léon was gradually forcing us up higher with the horizontal planes, while the mechanics were busy round their motors easing a nut or fixing a bolt with copper wire, and listening to the hum of the engines, which had now settled down to a regular and monotonous tune; at the slightest change in the note, perceptible only to his experienced ear, a mechanic would bend down and peer into the whirling machinery, tightening up a screw that was working loose, or tenderly patting a bearing to see if it were heated. Soon, however, they had assured themselves that all possible precautions had been taken and, leaning over the rail, signalled wildly with their oily cloths to a startled ploughman who was too closely occupied in holding his plunging horses to reply.

By degrees the sense of direction returned: the mass of green in front must be the Forest of Vernon, and the great tortuous ravine with its sides glowing in the sunshine must mark the winding course of the Seine which we were to follow as far as Rouen. We had crossed the Epte, the frontier of Normandy, high above the ford of Gasny, and on the left had a vision of Château Gaillard, most famous of those grim fortresses that kept watch and ward over the river; its gray ruins, mysterious and as unsubstantial as a dream, floated lightly on the shimmering mist that veiled the hill below. At Les Andelys we crossed and re-crossed

the Seine; two more petrol-tins were thrown out, and the youngest of our mechanics showed the sureness of his aim by dropping them neatly side by side into the centre of the river.

Here there were currents and counter-currents, and once or twice the airship thrust her nose downwards and dived into nothingness, like a steamer plunging through a heavy sea, but in the twinkling of an eye Léon, ever-watchful, brought her level again with the horizontal planes. The wind had turned us west; for the port propeller was revolving in front of the sun, which had previously been hidden by the envelope above, and with its six revolutions a second, black against the gleaming disc behind, it produced a curiously dazzling alternation of light and shade.

At this point Nature began to remind us that we had eaten nothing since the night before, and we turned eagerly to hot chocolate from a Thermos flask; unhappily the milk had gone sour—probably I had churned it up too vigorously in my race to the car—and the result was a mixture so nauseous that thirst seemed preferable. We made what meal we could on rounds of chocolate and the long loaf, which was food fit for the gods though it had been standing in a puddle of lubricating oil and tasted strongly of petrol, to say nothing of a peculiarly objectionable kind of grease which had from time to time to be handed up to the pilots to lubricate their wheels and with which our hands were covered. The pilots contented themselves with long pulls at a bottle of water which they had brought to keep their lips moist; for, exposed as they are to the rush of air made by the airship, their lips soon become parched and cracked.

We were all anxiously watching for Rouen. Suddenly a great cleft opened in the hills below, and a minute later we were looking down on the old gray

town huddled round its three great churches. Here three deep valleys meet with opposing air-currents, and the invisible waves of the atmosphere were as rough as a stormy sea. An unseen power seized the enormous airship and threw us up and down like a plaything. The movement, though physically less demoralizing than that of a vessel in a heavy sea, was far more impressive, since the force that hurled us this way and that was invisible, and its mystery suggested the magic of Virgil's lines:

. . . implacata Charybdis
. . . imo barathri ter gurgite vastos
Sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rursusque
sub auras
Erigit alternos et sidera verberat unda.

The even hum of the motors suddenly changed its note; the propellers, obtaining no grip on the wildly agitated air, began to race, and the airship, losing way, drifted right round against her helm. In a minute, however, she had mastered the elements; her propellers found smoother air, and she forged ahead obedient to her rudder while Capazza steered her straight over the cathedral spire.

At Rouen we left the Seine and after following for a time the high road found the railway-line which was to be our guide to the coast; a toy railway it seemed, with an occasional absurd little train puffing solemnly along, and neat boxes for stations. Capazza hailed us from in front and pointed to a column of gray smoke blown westwards with a curiously brilliant flame beneath: it was the man stationed to mark our course if we made the journey by night, burning off his store of Bengal lights to welcome us.

Henceforth all eyes on board were strained for a glimpse of the sea. We could see over miles of undulating country until the horizon faded softly into an autumn haze. Gradually, however, the horizon-line hardened un-

til it became as definite as a straight line drawn with a black pencil, and we knew that it must be the cliffs above the sea, which was still invisible. Below on the main road, travelling at a tremendous pace, we sighted one of the racing motors that had started ten minutes before us: it passed out of sight in a little wood where the road took a sudden turn, and we saw it no more; for even the straight roads of France are roundabout compared with an airship's unimpeded course.

It was 11.30 A.M. when we sighted the coast; there was general rejoicing on board, and to celebrate the occasion Debrabant, the burly Belgian mechanic, made a thorough inspection of his motors, opening a trap-door under my feet to see that all was well beneath the floor of the car. I admit that my arm closed more tightly round the steel bar across the car when my feet were dangling over 2000 feet of space. It was not a feeling of giddiness—only an overwhelming sense of amazement that I was not giddy; this curious sensation soon passed away, and I was able to watch with interest the green fields, cut sometimes by a white road or a row of poplars as they slipped away far below.

At 11.50 we sighted the captive balloon that marked the point where we were to leave France—a variegated dot against the rolling downs. St. Valéry en Caux was nestling in the cleft that opened suddenly in their green expanse, and beyond was the sea fading away into a pale gray sunlit haze.

In the offing was a small white steamer with sails set and black smoke pouring from her funnel, and as we sighted her she set out at full speed from the coast. Some of the crew, better acquainted with the air than the sea, suggested that she must be the torpedo-destroyer for which we were eagerly looking. Beneath us we could see the captive balloon heeling over at

an angle of 45°, and the smoke of a second bonfire of Bengal lights blowing away down Channel told us that if anything went wrong with our motors we should be carried towards the Atlantic. Cork jackets were solemnly served out and placed in convenient positions. Far below we could see a crowd of excited people running this way and that; no doubt they were shouting, but up aloft their cries were drowned by the roar of the motors.

Then suddenly we crossed the cliffs and forgot everything about the people below. It was such a view as one can only hope to see once in a lifetime. On either side the long undulating line of cliffs, golden in the sunlight and crested with bright green grass, ran for miles and miles till the eye could follow them no farther, rising abruptly from the infinite blue sea flecked with white horses westward-bound. Capazza with a touch of emotion shook the hands of those who were within reach as we quitted his beloved land of France.

A minute later a black smear showed through the golden haze that hung above the water; it was the fore-shortened outline of the destroyer lying stern towards us with her bow pointing straight for Brighton to mark our course. She had sighted us long before, for from below the mist is far more transparent, and as we drew nearer the upturned faces of the crew made white patches on her black raking form.

She was a mile or two out, but in a few minutes we had come up with her and began to pass her on our port beam. The mechanics waved cloths wildly in sign of greeting, and at once we were leaving her behind as though she were motionless, though we could see from her wake that she was making her four-and-twenty knots. As we shot ahead two reports in quick succession startled us and made us

turn an anxious glance towards the motors, but the smiling faces of the mechanics soon reassured us; she was courteously saluting us and wishing us God-speed.

For a time we watched eagerly for the destroyer every time we came up into the wind, but she rapidly grew smaller and was soon a dot on the horizon, and then we saw her no more. It was at this moment that Debrabant was guilty of an infringement of strict discipline: he made a raid on the medicine-chest and served out to those of us within reach a lump of sugar with a few drops of mint-essence sprinkled on it. Capazza did not see, and the sugar was far too pleasant to be refused, since it quenched the thirst engendered by the chocolate.

For the first time most of us learned to realize the full solitude of the sea. To right and left the sea, flecked here and there with foam and its blue expanse cut sometimes by the flash of a sea-gull's wing (the seagull itself far below was invisible, but its wings flashed bright as they caught the sun), stretched out to an horizon-line which was a perfect section of a circle; behind us and ahead where the land lay, a screen of light mist interposed and cut short our view in a straight line. The sensation was one of perfect content mingled with a solemn reverence for the vastness of the sea; not a sail in sight and nothing to divert attention from our swift arrow-like flight. The shadow of the gas-bag moved lightly across the waves. There were no varying air-currents, and the airship kept smoothly on with an even motion. The sea beneath gave an added sense of security, as though, if need were, it would break our fall. Even the mechanics, men hardened to every form of danger, seemed touched by a feeling of awe and were silent; they had nothing to do but gaze across the sea, as the even roar of the motors told that all

was well. Soon, however, their natural high spirits reasserted themselves; it was time to refill the great brass petrol reservoirs which are hung symmetrically above the car on either side. Debrabant swung himself into the rigging, and, after emptying tin after tin of petrol, set himself astride the reservoir with arms crossed and a broad grin on his face, as contented as if one leg were not dangling over 2000 feet of space.

We had long ago become accustomed to the roar of the motors, and a feeling of drowsiness, only kept off by the sudden changes from light to shade as we zigzagged against the wind, began to steal over me. The destroyer had long been out of sight, and we were beginning to think that it was time that we should see something more than sea and sky; some of us had a secret apprehension that the mysterious wind which could sweep us from our course without visible sign might be carrying us towards the Atlantic. I glanced up at the fat yellow sides of the gas-bag, brilliant in the sunlight, and thought for a second of what would happen if a propeller broke and ripped them open, precipitating us down headlong to the fate of the victims of the *République*. But the thought was soon forgotten. Suddenly Capazza turned and announced a sail in sight—a small schooner, a fishing boat, with her mainsails set and tacking to and fro across our course. Through the glasses we could see her crew gazing up in astonishment at our sudden apparition, and waving to our mechanics, who were not slow to reply.

It was at 1.10 P.M. that we sighted what seemed to be the white cliffs of England, though the glasses soon showed that it was a bank of clouds probably miles inland. But the clouds told certainly of land, and showed that we had covered at least half of our eighty miles of sea. It was not till

half an hour later that land was really sighted. As I watched the bank of mist and rolling clouds ahead through my glasses, I suddenly saw a long white form like the back of a phantom whale loom up through the haze; just as the image on a photographic plate comes up under the developer, so the white ridge slowly grew longer and more definite until suddenly all the details of the coast leapt into view. The cliffs from Selsey Bill to Beachy Head glimmered through a light haze, and the gray harbor with its lighthouse right ahead must be Newhaven. Our course had been almost perfect, and Capazza beat down the coast a mile or two so that we might pass over the exact spot chosen at Rottingdean and marked by a captive balloon. Leaning over the side, I watched our shadow glide over the waves until it touched the shore: it was 2.8 P.M., and we were above English ground.

Of our voyage across England there is little to be said. From above Brighton seemed curiously uniform with its crescents and rows of houses neatly arranged in arabesque patterns. We passed Horsham and Christ's Hospital; leaving Guildford on the right, our course passed over Godalming, and, though I knew the town well, I could scarcely identify it, for the hills were no more than shadows, and I had never seen the roofs of houses which from below were old familiar friends. There was no mistaking Charterhouse, however, as Founder's Tower rose up before us distorted and foreshortened like the shadow of itself.

Suddenly Capazza announced that the shed at Farnborough was in sight, a gray speck in a sea of green. We crossed a strangely straight violet-colored ridge, and recognized the Hog's Back; from Aldershot a heliograph began to wink messages at us. At 3.28 Capazza switched on the siren, which drowned the roar of the motors, and

with its shrill bellowing deafened every one on board, and we began our descent from 1500 feet.

Sleepy and inactive, I watched a scene of wild activity in our little world. Every man of the crew had his great clasp-knife open and stood waiting the word of command. Léon was forcing us down with the planes, while the centrifugal fans above, running at full blast, were driving pounds of air into the ballonets to increase our weight and take the place of the contracting hydrogen. In front of us a white sheet marked the place of landing, and the soldiers awaiting us were arranged round it in horseshoe fashion. Down we came, and at a height of about 300 feet Léon and Capazza left their wheels and cut the guide-ropes loose; with a whirr they unrolled and fell till they trailed along the ground. The men below failed to reach them, the wind carried us sideways beyond their reach, and it was necessary to rise again, since it is not safe to leave a dirigible under way only a few hundred feet from the ground. The knives flashed in the sunlight, cutting loose bag after bag of water-ballast, and as if by magic the earth fell away from beneath us. By this time, however, we

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had drifted a mile or so from the shed, and we had to beat back straight into the teeth of the wind, which had freshened to a velocity of some twenty miles an hour. Slowly, very slowly, we gained ground upon it. Capazza called for more power from the motors, and with a cheerful smile and shrug of the shoulders the mechanics pushed over the levers, giving a thousand revolutions and over to their engines. The whole car shook and groaned under the strain. We were moving a little faster than the men who were running after the guide-ropes beneath us, and had almost reached the landing-place when the steering-wheel jammed, its chain slipping off the sprocket. Once again we drifted helplessly to leeward, until Léon with a tremendous effort forced the chain back into its place. All this time a pond on Cove Common had seemed to exercise an uncanny fascination on the airship, and Julliot shouted in my ear, "I am sure, after escaping the sea, we are going to land right in the centre of that pond." But our troubles were nearly over. Capazza had regained control, and a few minutes later a hundred men were hauling at the guide-ropes and pulling us gently to the earth. Our voyage was over.

H. Warner Allen.

FANCY FARM.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER XXIX.

He stood for a little where she left him, confounded by her parting words. At first they repeated themselves again and again to his ear but not his comprehension, as syllables alone, with a rhythm but not a meaning. Suddenly, at last, they transformed themselves to an idea which eclipsed immediately the sunshine of the afternoon, dispelled a buoyant spirit of adventure that had come to him some days ago amid the

clatter of the shipyard. He was dismayed. Till now Penelope had appeared an object of affection only, interesting, attractive, worthy of further investigation, but not absolutely essential to a ship-builder's existence. Now that he had, at her own suggestion, summed up all the qualities he admired in her in his sketch of the *Ideal Lady*, he, for the first time, clearly realized how vividly they had been in his mind, and all they meant to him. And now

she was remote and unattainable! Commingled with his disappointment was a feeling of the ludicrous that almost made him laugh. He was so absurdly-situated there at the mouth of Watty Fraser's close, with the eyes of the opposite tenement upon him, and a gander pecking at his calves.

"Well done, Jock!" cried the fiddler with his head out at an upper window. Maurice summoned all his dignity, and, followed by the bird, went up the wynd, unreasonably hating the sight of every stair and close in it, and yet so conscious of the folly of the feeling that his sense of the ridiculous prevailed above his disappointment.

In spite of the storytellers, the discovery that the woman of your fancy may be meant for some one else is no irrevocable blow to four-and-twenty; the stunning blow is reserved for the hour when the lady, having led you on, at last discards, and Maurice must confess to himself that Pen had never once encouraged him to think of her in any tender sense. He blamed himself for his precipitation. It would look to her as if he had sought to take advantage of her wounded loneliness. He could, with patience, have discovered how things lay without exposing himself and causing her embarrassment. How shrewdly she had guessed the purpose of his speech; how delicately sustained with him the fiction of the third person pronoun; how kindly she had cut the revelation short.

"By heavens, she's a trump!" he said at last, irrationally more in love with her than ever.

It was only when he got back to Fancy Farm and saw Norah, even more wan than Pen, walk languidly between the dead and dying blossom of her garden, that he remembered her foreooding.

"Well?" she said, without periphrasis; "you have seen her?"

"How do you know?" he asked, surprised.

"There's nothing remarkable in that," she answered. "I'm not stupid enough to think you deserted me this afternoon to look at the windows of the village shops. You're full of tidings, Reggy; I can see it in that evasive eye. Aunt Amelia is over at the Ludovics; Andy's heaven knows where; I'm left even without the company of a dog, since Peter Powrie has him away on some excuse of medicinal balls, and I'm sick of myself. . . . And how do you think she looks?"

"Like a Virgilian goddess; a priestess carrying sacred vessels," answered Maurice readily, with enthusiasm, thinking of the basket; and Norah quietly laughed.

"Oh, Reggy!" she exclaimed, "how you forget! That one has done duty with myself before now. Your new ideas of economy as a shipbuilder mustn't lead you to make the same highly poetic compliments do for everybody. I'm—if you please—the only real and original Virgilian goddess, and—oh, I wish I hadn't such a headache!"

He followed her into the house. Her deer-like tread was wanting. A torpor seemed to hold her limbs, but her intuitions swooped with kestrel-wings on the cause of something reticent in his manner. It was too significant that he should have hardly anything at all to say of his interview with Pen.

"Ah!" said Norah, with the light of penetration in her eyes, "it dawns upon me now that it wasn't to comfort me you came to Fancy Farm on this occasion. Relieve my fears at once, and assure me that you haven't been proposing marriage to Penelope Colquhoun."

"You—you wouldn't mind if I did, would you?" he stammered.

"Mind!" she exclaimed with vehemence. "Oh, you silly fellow! What do you think I brought you here for al-

most as soon as Pen had joined us?"

"Good heavens!" he cried, "what a designing woman!"

"It's the nature of the sex, Reggy. We women can only get married by helping one another, and in any case I had quite made up my mind that Pen, without a scrap of guilty makebelieve, or pose, or prevarication in her composition, was the very woman to make the best of you. I knew I was a charming person myself, of course, but rather spoiled for taking a chronic poet in hand, and how was I to guess you would recover? I thought it would be good for Pen, and good for you, and—I'll not deceive you—maybe good for me. . . . Andy, you know." She flushed, regarding him with eyes that expected disapproval. "Does it shock you? We're not supposed to practice stratagems like that—it's never mentioned in Aunt Amelia's novels, I understand—but it isn't for your sex alone that everything is fair in love and war. . . . Now, tell me, did you propose?"

He shook his head. "I started out to do it, but I didn't."

"Coward! You're just as tall as she!"

"I was a day behind the fair, Norah. Pen's engaged."

The little color that was in her face, brought there by hope, fled instantly; he was shocked to see her agitation.

"Are you sure?" she asked, in what was hardly more than a whisper.

"She said so. At all events, she let me know that her affections were engaged by another man."

"Another man! I told you, Reggy! Oh, I told you! . . . Andy!"

He felt happy that it was in his power to contradict that natural conclusion. "No, no," he said; "whoever it is, it certainly isn't Andy," and the relief he witnessed in her face was so good to see that the rest of his speech was pitched deliberately upon a key of

greater certainty than was warranted by his actual knowledge. "With what you said last night," he went on, "I might myself have fancied it was your cousin if I hadn't been that Pen made it very plain that she's as near hating him as a Christian from a U.P. mauser may go. I never before realized how much ferocity can go with the wounded pride of a woman. She's bitter, Norah, bitter!"

"About the training?"

"Yes."

"I know; I told you. She made that plain to myself. You're sure it isn't Andy?"

"Just as sure as I am that it isn't Reggie Maurice. It's so far from being Andy that she's never coming back again to Fancy Farm."

"Nonsense!" cried Norah. "Not come back! She must. I could never bear to let her go away with any rankling feeling that we have no regrets for the vexation we have caused her. You don't know how much you have relieved my mind, Reggie. I was afraid, you understand—it is so natural to fall in love with Andy! She must come back, immediately. And it isn't any high commanding goodness of heart that makes me say so, though I love her and really want her. If Andy thought she suffered from his scheme so much as that he would chase her to the other side of the world, if necessary, to make amends. . . . Tell me again, you're sure it isn't Andy. . . . And to think she never told me! Who would have thought that Pen could have been so sly?"

Maurice listened patiently but she saw he had no share in her elation, and at once she realized.

"Oh, Reggy, I'm a brute!" she cried, running forward and taking him by the hands. "I'm so selfishly engrossed in my own shameless schemes that I'm not giving a single thought to your dis-

appointment. Are you *sure* it's hopeless?"

"She ran away. She didn't give me a chance to pursue the subject," said Maurice blankly. "I felt like a fool, you know, with nothing of any importance said, and that abominable goose pecking at my legs, and rows of windows staring at me. If she had only given me an opportunity to explain that I wasn't talking merely poetically——"

"You'll have the opportunity!" said Norah hastily. "Pen may think at this moment that she'll never set foot in *Fancy Farm* again, but I'll have her here to-morrow."

Maurice looked dubious. "She seemed on that point quite emphatic. How are you to induce her to return?"

"I'm unwell, Reggy; don't I look it? I'm really unwell. I haven't slept for a fortnight. Never mind the reason! I'm unwell, and I'm off to bed, and somebody's got to send down to the village to Pen at once to tell her she must come at once if she wants to keep her friend from dying."

The confidence of Norah that Penelope's affection was a more commanding force than wounded pride was justified by the quick appearance of the nurse from Watty's Wynd. The news that her friend was ill put every other thought immediately in the background; she took leave of her convalescents with a parting word of counsel on the prophylactic virtues of fresh air, soft-soap, and water. "Are ye sure that they're salubrious?" asked the fiddler doubtfully. "Yes, yes," she cried behind her, hurrying down his stair; "make no mistake, they're quite salubrious." And twenty minutes later she was mirthfully recounting it to Norah, who was languorous and pale enough, in truth, to rouse a nurse's zealous sympathy.

Pen might have had some magic spell, so swiftly did the burnished hue

of health come back to Norah's cheek, her eye regain its sparkle. It was the miracle of a single night through which they shared the same bed-chamber. Once Aunt Amelia wakened, and heard what seemed alarming sounds come from their room; she rose and hurried across the lobby, breaking in upon them without so much as a warning knock. They were laughing in the darkness.

"What on earth's the matter?" she inquired. "It does not look as if you were very ill, Norah," and Pen, with a pillow, smothered the uncontrollable amusement of her patient.

Maurice, upon reflection in the morning, which so often gives the high emprises of the previous day a new look altogether, was for going home. The right deportment for a broken-hearted gentleman at a breakfast-table with a lady who had had the painful task of telling him so recently she loved another was, he felt certain, quite beyond him. Norah, apprised at an early hour by Mrs. Powrie of his sudden resolve to leave before his hosts were stirring, immediately threw off the invalid and descended on him with the old coquette imperiousness. Astonishing! Here was he, aching from a sleepless mattress, mortified more than ever by the night's reflections, and she was radiant.

He mustn't go. There was no earthly reason why he should go. On the contrary, there were considerations of the most ponderable character which made it imperative that he should stay where he was in the interest of everybody concerned. And the lady who last night was languishing on the verge of despair sketched out for him with great vivacity a programme for a week's-end entertainment hardly consonant with the mood of a disappointed lover.

"We're quite forgiven," she said gleefully. "At least, I'm quite forgiven.

I must leave Andy to make his own peace, if he can get the opportunity. Whatever you said to Pen yesterday on the subject of self-improvement, it has modified her resentment. She sees things in a new light, and she can't deny that she has benefited by our wicked scheme of cultivation."

"That's all right so far as it goes," said Maurice, "but—" He looked at her ruefully, wondering that an intellect usually so alert should fail to see the difficulties that more immediately concerned himself and Pen.

She took him by the sleeve and shook him.

"Imbecile! A poet has five hundred and fifty different ways of telling a woman that he likes her; but if he put the whole of them into the form of a sonnet it wouldn't please her half so much as if he simply said, 'I love you,' like a ploughman. Why were you so oblique with Pen? You ought by this time to have understood her better. She's under the delusion that you're a pathetic victim of unrequited love for— Who do you think? . . . For me!"

"How could she possibly think so?" he inquired incredulously, and Norah grimaced comically.

"How could she possibly think? How could she possibly think?" she repeated mockingly. "Oh, Mr. Maurice, am I so utterly impossible? Pen does not think me so, at anyrate; she's obviously of the impression that if there's any one on earth who could meet with a shipbuilder's requirements in the way of a Perfect Lady it's myself!"

"She plainly told me her affections were set elsewhere!" protested Maurice, somewhat shaken.

"She did nothing of the kind! It's an almost incredible example of feminine modesty, I admit, but all along she thought you referred to me. She had been quick enough to guess how I

felt about Andy from the very first hour she saw us together, but was quite deceived by your phillandering. I thought I should have suffocated, laughing, when the situation dawned on me. It required a solemn oath that I hadn't been consciously trifling with your young affections."

Maurice paced the floor, immensely agitated. The boy in him was always what had pleased her most,—something immature, dependent, wistful, calling for a woman's tactful guidance, had invested him with charm as an idler, and still remained to some extent with the shipbuilder; she felt peculiarly maternal.

"Then there's no one—there's nothing— Did you explain?" he asked nervously.

"I was just on the point of doing so," she answered, "when I thought better of it and left her unenlightened. It wasn't for me to put your sentiments into prose—that would have been indelicate and injudicious, and I leave it to yourself."

"Good heavens!" he cried, alarmed. "Have I to go all over it again?"

"It looks like that," she answered. "Next time be explicit. And from all I know of Pen, I think you'll find her more interested in your pathetic state of a hopeless lover than in your eloquence."

He turned from the window with a sudden resolution. The housekeeper crossed the hall. "Oh, Mrs. Powrie," he said, "on thinking it over I find I—I needn't go till Monday."

CHAPTER XXX.

It was the year of the Storm, for so we have always definitely called it, as if storms were rare phenomena. In truth the hills that lift to the north of Schawfield plain are the very breeding-ground of tempest; we have cradled on the blast and suckled on the cloud, as Dr. Cleghorn puts it, but this was

the year of storm transcendent—Boreas's masterpiece. The woods came down in swathes as to the shearer's hook. They say that Captain Cutlass almost grat when he rode to the coast on that November morning, and saw, from Bishops' Offrance, a landscape smashed, the noblest trees destroyed, great plantings of his father's time made flat as sodden oats. He wept, they say, or was as near on weeping as a man may be, and went about the ruins mourning as a man will mourn for old companions fallen in disaster. Possession has its penalties; he loved too fondly every feature of his countryside, and here was it trampled and scarred. Years have gone by since-*syne*, and still John Baillie's woodmen labor to remove the timber levelled by that hurricane. Bairns have been born in the village, and have grown to men and women, never thinking he was not a native like themselves, but a stranger brought to the place on an orra job whereof even yet he sees no culmination.

Nor was the damage to the Schawfield woods the only thing that made that season memorable, though in the local calendar whereby we count the ages of our children it stands out epochal and paramount like the dates of battles or Disruptions. The Storm has not entirely puffed out the memory of the fire at Fancy Farm. When Sir Andrew rode that day to Bishops' Offrance, and put his arms about the stricken bodies of his favorite trees and called them brothers, he had ridden from a house astringent with the smell of char. Only the tragedy of his woods could for a little lift his mind from those contending moods that answered now to reason, now to inclination, and were more contentious than ever through this accident of Pen's.

The girl, since her return from Watty's Wynd, maintained with him a careful distance; she was never to be

got alone, and, so odd a thing is human nature, he was glad for this even when he planned it otherwise. What he should say to her to mollify, while yet unable to explain the origin of that presumptuous scheme, was more than he could easily decide upon; the thing must be left to the moment's inspiration. Norah refused to discuss it; Norah, indeed, was sure discretion, delicacy, kindness, counselled an evasion of the subject altogether. And Pen's demeanor, in the general company, seemed to favor that contention; she showed no signs of nursed resentment; a little less inclined to smile at his random theories, perhaps more ready to contradict him—that was all. But her *tête-à-têtes* were all reserved exclusively for Maurice or for Norah, Aunt Amelia, or the amiable Mrs. Powrie.

Three days had passed, and Maurice found it possible still to stay away from his drawing-office, much to the baronet's surprise, considering the fascination that was now supposed to be in shipbuilding. Aunt Amelia was the first to see a difference in his manner to her niece; the young gallant was not so manifest; deep-learned in "symptoms" through the study of romance, she missed the persiflage with which they used to treat each other, and, singularly, Norah did not seem to care. Aunt Amelia wondered. When Aunt Amelia wondered thus, the world seemed in a mumbling conspiracy. But if she failed vexatiously to catch the quieter passages of those bouts of pleasantry that now seemed always going on between Penelope and Maurice at the dinner-table, her eyes could discern a nervous waruht in the young man's manner, a deferential droop of the shoulders, a meekness that was new. She even thought she saw a softer light in the eyes of the parson's daughter. She took immediate alarm, in Norah's interest.

"Norah," she said to her niece with

tremulous mysteriousness at the earliest opportunity, "don't you think Penelope's bolder since she has been mixing with those people in the village?"

"Only the very nicest kind of boldness would have sent her there, aunt," said Norah. "What makes you say so?"

Her aunt was wrapt at once in Delphian vapors, her air was charged with portent like a thunder-cloud, in hints and innuendoes the oracle breathed a doubt of Reggy's faithfulness. He was not so much to blame, of course, as the bold, designing girl who led him on.

Norah maintained her gravity with an effort. "Are you not mistaken, aunt?" she asked with a subtlety of which she was herself ashamed. "Has—has Andy noticed?"

Her aunt cast up her eyes in a manner to indicate the utter hopelessness of getting Andrew Schaw to notice anything really worth his observation. A man who even now appeared to have no interest in the febrile rise of Athabascas would notice nothing—even what was passing on beneath his very nose. And she was right; Sir Andrew had not noticed.

He frowned when Aunt Amelia, as Norah had expected, came to him with inklings; for the first time in his life he was almost rude to her. "What! what!" he said. "do I notice anything! In a tone like that! Damn it, I would sooner put my eye to a keyhole. No, ma'am, no, ma'am—blind! stone blind!" He grew very red; he spluttered, and Norah, when she heard it all from her astonished aunt, ran up to her room and foolishly kissed a worn-out slipper.

But all the same it spoiled his meals to know that his aunt was spying, and in spite of himself he realized a quite unusual spirit of conciliation in his guest's address to Pen, in Pen a singular vivacity. Norah, moreover, was at

times quite flagrantly deserted, he would meet them in the avenue together, he learned, they had visited Watty Fraser; it was Pen who naively told him, it was Reginald who blushed.

"Can a man be in love w^l two women at the same time?" the fiddler, later in the day, asked Peter Wyse. "There's naething easier," said the saddler, "if they bide in different places."

Miss Birrell, on the Sabbath, in the church, nudged James at the opening psalm; when the occupants of the Schawfield pew were standing, she could see that they were only Pen and Maurice. Her brother wondered at the triumph of her eye.

A bird was in the breast of me,
Until the day we met;
And now its wing is broken,
Since you so soon forget—

Sir Andrew came upon his cousin one day singing this to herself at the piano, with a feeling that seemed poignant; he was beset with pity and annoyance.

But though Norah might sing of broken wings with all the expression she had learned from her music-master, loading the words with a fictitious despair, the bird was now as strong in the breast of her as ever. Maurice and Pen might have their own enjoyments; hers were secret joys unshared with any one—sweet intuitions, lively hopes, though sometimes they were oddly blended, as it might appear, with very common pleasures. For instance, Athabascas. If Mr. Birrell could never rouse his client to his own great state of excitation at the way that marvellous stock kept climbing over the eighties, over the nineties, over the hundreds, he could always count on Norah's glee. That, if you please, was the lass with a pencil!—she summed the ascending profits of her cousin with the relish of a Jew. Himself, he only vaguely understood the

Writer's figures; he would run his fingers through his hair and say, "Quite good! Quite good! I see they have opened a new post farther north at a place deliciously called Wealth-of-Waters; a name like that enriches the map of Canada."

"But the thing is, stupid, that you're getting rich!" said Norah, losing patience, and Jamie Birrell crackled with exultant laughter at the baronet's bewilderment. "We're fairly rollin' in't," he said, with a heave of his shoulders, as if with his client he swam through seas of wealth. "It was well for you that your father took the fancy for the voyajooors, Sir Andrew, and got in so soon, and that you were wise enough to back his fancy."

"I had aye a fancy for Athabascas," said Sir Andrew. "I liked the name. It's spoiled for me in the meantime, but I liked the name. It had the ring of romance in it. There are names we should support though they never brought a penny to us . . . Athabascas—" He rolled out the word lusciously. "Snow-shoes and tepees, Red Indians and furs!"

"It's no' the furs that we have to thank, Sir Andrew, no' the furs," said Mr. Birrell. "It's the land. They're breaking it up in farms; there's a better skin on a farmer than on any beaver."

"H'm!" said Captain Cutlass, visibly depressed, "I don't like that! It takes the gilt from my Athabascas, do you know? My poor voyaguers! I notice of late the name has lost its charm for me. It's not a name to be banded about in the commercial columns. It used to brace me like a fine spring day; the sound of it was a poem with lakes and forests in it; now it leaves me cold. Eh? How's that?"

"Association," answered Norah readily. "You're confirming Pen's æsthetic theory that beauty's only in one's mind, depending upon memories evoked."

"Ay, ay!" said he, amused. "So that's Penelope's philosophy! . . . Allison, and Jeffreys! How did she discover them?"

"I'm sure she has never heard of them, any more than I have done," said Norah. "It's the rule of her life, in nature and in art, to seek in herself and her past experience for every thrill she feels."

That afternoon he saddled the mare, on a sudden impulse, and, indifferent to the frost, bathed in Whitfarlane Bay, a sacrament wherein he often worshipped God and purged his sins. He had ridden west on roads as sonorous as seasoned wood, with fairy-bells of tinkling ice-drops on the wayside trees, but the sting of the brine was yet upon his skin, and the sea's rejuvenation in his breast, when the change of weather that his sailor eye had earlier foreseen came with amazing quickness. The night had a worn-out moon that staggered across the scud of clouds a while and then was whelmed. He sheltered from torrential rain, and supped in Clashgour Farm; the rain abated, but the night, when he emerged again and trotted out of the light of Fleming's lantern, appeared the very throat of tempest.

Powrie was waiting up for him. "A wild night, sir!" he cried, throwing open the stable-door.

"Wild's no' the word for't, Peter," shouted back his master in the tumult of the yard. "It's wicked! Wicked!"

"We didn't expect you the night, sir; we were sure you would put up at Beswick's, and they're all in bed except the mistress," Powrie told him in the stable, that was like a haven consecrate to calm.

He crossed to the house, despondent, feeling a widower's loneliness; Jean had sat up for him always, no matter how late the hour. The spirit that had tingled in him as he braced

to the storm's antagonism, and made him almost shout in fellowship with the roaring forest, immediately died down; he looked at the dark front of his home, in whose eaves the blast went moaning—cliff-like inhospitality!

The feeling vanished on the threshold and gave place to consolation, for there was Norah waiting him in the hall! She seemed the very soul of loving-kindness, like a beacon set on a harbor bar.

"I knew," she said, "you would come home." She radiated warm waves of welcome.

He had hardly lapsed into actual sleep when a hammering on his door set him wide awake again, and above the gale, that appeared to shake the house to its foundations, he heard her agitated voice. "Come out immediately," she said, "the west wing is on fire."

The household when he had got outside upon the lawn, was gathered before the dairy, Aunt Amella bleating, like a sheep, unconscious of the oddity of her vesture, a flaming window lit the garden, the servants ran with buck-

Blackwood's Magazine.

ets. In the storm's supremacy the fire seemed insignificant, but it belched from Pen's bed-chamber, and Sir Andrew sickened with apprehension.

"Good God! has Pen got out?" he shouted.

A shivering figure at his elbow reassured him. "Reggy got her out in time, no more," said Norah. "She had been reading a book in bed and fallen asleep, and the candles caught her curtain. You know Pen's foible for open windows."

"I do not see her," he cried, with a hasty scrutiny of his company.

"That's the silly thing," said his aunt. "She has gone back to her room again with Mr. Maurice for the book that she was reading."

"The ineffable Pen! If she hadn't fallen asleep I'd have sworn it was her Bible. . . . Wasn't it, Pen?" he added as the girl herself, with Maurice behind her, breathlessly joined the group.

"It wasn't," she answered haltingly, with the rescued volume in her hand. "It was 'Harebell and Honey.'"

(To be continued.)

THE NEED FOR A RE-CREATION OF OUR CONSTITUTION.

BY THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN, K. P.

The curtain has fallen upon the first act of the constitutional drama; or perhaps the situation may be more correctly defined by saying that the *lever du rideau* has been concluded, and that the curtain is about to rise upon the first scene in perhaps the greatest constitutional struggle that this country has ever witnessed.

During the interval it is to be hoped that inter-party passions may be allowed to subside. The Press, which made so splendid a fight for liberty

and the rights of the people, will be doing an ill-turn to the people, and will be jeopardizing the cause of liberty, if they continue to inveigh against the conduct of those peers who felt it their duty to abstain from voting, or even to vote with the Government, in the division that decided whether the Lords would or would not insist upon their amendments. Peers who refused to follow the advice of their leaders seem to have labored under the delusion that insist-

ence upon the amendments could produce some effect upon the Bill. That was, as we all know, an hallucination. The House of Lords had only one question to decide on the memorable night of Thursday, the 10th of August: Is the Bill, unamended, to pass minus or plus the creation of three or four hundred peerages? That is the fact, and in criticising it, one point only should be considered—the effect upon a policy of reconstruction.

The peers—both those who followed and those who did not follow Lord Lansdowne's advice—have been subjected to much abuse; and arguments having but little bearing upon the real issue have been freely used in support of unreasonable invective. Accusations of mutiny on the one hand, of moral cowardice on the other hand, have been freely bandied about. Peers were urged to remember the appalling consequences of a Radical majority in the Upper House, enabling a despotic usurping Cabinet to place every conceivable legislative abomination upon the Statute Book as fast as it could be rammed through a gagged House of Commons. They were entreated to save the peerage from utter degradation, and to extricate the Crown from an almost intolerably difficult position. On the other hand they were reminded that as the King is a constitutional monarch all responsibility rests upon his Ministers, and that the occupant of the Throne should be looked on as an abstraction; the necessity of compelling a great creation of peerages, an action odious to Ministers and still more odious to the Crown, was insisted upon as the only means whereby the gravity of the revolution could be impressed upon the people. It is to be desired that these and all arguments addressed to tactical party advantages may be allowed to drop. They serve only to obscure the situation, to crowd out essentials, and to

distract attention from the consideration of the only thing worth considering—the creation of a new Constitution.

The Constitution, as we inherited it, has gone. By the arbitrary action of the Cabinet our unwritten Constitution has been so shattered that the pieces can never be put together again. The delicate balance between the Crown, the Lords and the Commons has been upset and cannot be restored. Democratic rule, under a party system and an unwritten Constitution, has hopelessly broken down. The Constitution must be reconstructed. For an unwritten Constitution dependent upon precedent, usage, and the regulated play of two great political parties, a written Constitution must be gradually substituted, strong enough to control the incalculable effects of parties composed of unstable elements, ephemeral combinations; and sections discordant but capable of transient combination.

As matters now stand we are confronted by the appalling fact that any cabinet in future, however much it may be out of touch with national opinion, can work its irretrievable will without let or hindrance. What Mr. Asquith has done to-day any Prime Minister can do to-morrow if the claim put forward by the Government is admitted, and it is within the right of any Prime Minister to advise the Sovereign to create a sufficient number of peers to secure the passage through the Second Chamber of any measure which his Cabinet holds it has a mandate to place upon the Statute Book. The sole judges of the virtue of the mandate are to be the Ministers themselves. The last check to Cabinet dictatorship has been removed, the ancient prerogatives of the Crown have been suborned and incorporated in the ordinary machinery of the party caucus, and the House of

Lords has been robbed of the last vestige of its power to delay legislation until an opportunity has been given the electorate of expressing its opinion. The House of Commons has ceased to be a deliberative assembly. It lies absolutely at the mercy of any Cabinet that can contrive by log-rolling to hold together the jarring elements which, uniting for temporary purposes, may have placed a little oligarchy in power.

How do we stand now? Under the Parliament Bill the House of Lords retains the right of delay. It can reject twice any measure to which it objects. It can at least give the public time to think. Had the House been swamped by a great creation, the people would have been deprived of even this slender hindrance to hasty legislation. It is true that if the Government follow the utterly unjustifiable precedent they have created, there is nothing to prevent them at any future date pleading urgency for any so-called reform, advising the Crown to give "guarantees," and thus forcing through any Bill at the first time of asking. This, after all, has been the procedure with reference to the Parliament Bill. Though the electors had an opportunity of expressing their views on the general lines of the Government scheme, this scheme was in fact only one of many questions submitted at the last General Election, and it was not until the General Election was over that the Government produced the actual measure which it was intended to force through the House of Lords.

But there is a limit to the patience, the ignorance and the credulity of the people, and there may be a limit to the arbitrary methods of the Government. There is a vast difference between advising the exercise of the Royal prerogative to pass a measure which has been, though only in-

ferentially, before the country at two elections, and invoking it to pass Bills that have never been before the electors, and that have not in detail or principle gone through the ordeal of an election. The Lords by their inaction and action have procured for the people a short period of delay.

The Constitution has lost its ancient balance, and that Constitution is not the Constitution merely of the United Kingdom but the Constitution under which the whole Empire is governed. The several oversea Dominions possess, it is true, an exceedingly large measure of autonomy, but wide powers are still retained by the British Parliament. Under the new conditions arbitrarily created by the present Cabinet, our whole Imperial destiny rests upon the will of a strong Minister and his subservient colleagues, unfettered by any of those ancient checks which in the past have proved valuable bulwarks against hasty changes. Whatever the object of the revolution may be, no doubt can exist as to its effect.

The whole legislative machinery has been recklessly and ruthlessly thrown out of gear by a Government incapable of governing either the country or itself. The Commons' House of Parliament is powerless, the House of Lords has been reduced to impotence, organized and responsible democracy has been dethroned. But that is not all. Wrecking Ministers have found apt pupils. The spirit of mutiny, the revolt against all usages, precedent and constituted authorities, originating in the Government, has spread over the whole country, and in social as well as in political matters the nation is reverting towards sheer barbarism and a reign of violence and mere physical force. Reconstruction not only of the machinery of government but also of the basis on which all Governments rest—

organized society—is the task that statesmen have in hand.

It is to the last degree unlikely that when the people understand the true meaning of the revolution, they will consent to their own degradation. When they realize that the unwritten Constitution that they inherited has ceased to operate, they will insist upon a written Constitution strong enough to safeguard their rights, and too tough to be easily torn up. And the operation has been commenced. The House of Lords, in relinquishing its legal powers over money Bills, made some definition of a money Bill and the creation of some authority to interpret that definition necessary. The admission that the powers of the two branches of the Legislature should be defined by statute renders the creation of some authority with power to interpret the statute equally necessary. Ordinary statutes are interpreted by the ordinary courts. An extraordinary statute demands an extraordinary court. The action of the Lords towards money Bills, towards Lord Rosebery's resolutions, Lord Lansdowne's Bill for the reconstitution of the House of Lords, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh's Bill: these and all such cognate matters plainly show that we have already put our hands to the task we must inevitably pursue to the end—the substitution of a written for an unwritten Constitution. That is the one and only fact to be borne in mind, and criticism on the action of the House of Lords should be confined to the question whether, with reconstruction in view, that House was or was not wise in preserving itself from an irruption of peers, who would have made the reconstitution of that House impossible, and in securing for the people a period of delay during which a re-creation of a Constitution could be set before them.

It has been said that nothing short of an incident so dramatic, or comic,

as the creation of three or four hundred peers would suffice to open the eyes of the people. I rate their intelligence higher than that, and the facts are not obscure. Strenuous efforts have been made on the part of the Government and its organs in the Press to misrepresent in the grossest manner the action of the House of Lords towards the Parliament Bill. It has been asserted, with hysterical reiteration, that during the discussion of the Parliament Bill the majority of the peers offered a "sullen resistance" to the measure, while in other quarters they have been charged with pursuing "wrecking tactics." The lie is palpable. The Parliament Bill as presented by the Government was accepted in its entirety by the House of Lords. The Bill as it eventually passed the Upper Chamber was the Bill as it had left the House of Commons, without anything subtracted from it, but with certain additions which, in the opinion not only of Unionist peers but of many peers who usually act with the Government, were essential.

The Parliament Bill is a temporary expedient designed by the Government to enable them to carry on the business of the country according to their own ideas, unfettered by checks. What is it that the Government in framing the Parliament Bill considered it necessary to include in that measure in order to achieve their purpose? In other words, for this is what it comes to: What were the grounds of indictment against the House of Lords? Putting aside all the rhetorical rubbish and gross misrepresentation employed during the General Election in order to obscure the real issue, the two dominant counts in the charge against the peers were that they had invaded the financial privileges of the House of Commons by referring a Budget to the people, and that, being disproportionately Conservative in their opinions, they con-

sistently refused to pass Liberal legislation. The accuracy of this definition of the charges against the House of Lords will not, I imagine, be questioned.

How did the House of Lords meet the Government when it presented the Parliament Bill, claiming that that Bill had received the assent of the electorate and should be permitted forthwith to pass? As regards money Bills the Government obtained in the measure as it left the House of Lords all that it asked for; the peers relinquished all power to deal with money Bills, a power which Mr. Asquith himself admitted it hitherto had the legal right to exercise. What his Majesty's Government desired, that his Majesty's Government obtained from the Upper Chamber. Both parties in the House were in accord as to the necessity of guarding against "tacking," direct or indirect, and of setting up some authority to decide whether a Bill was or was not a *bona-fide* money Bill. The only difference between the Government on the one hand and the Opposition on the other lay in this—a divergence of opinion as to how that authority should be constituted. The Government proposed that the Speaker of the House of Commons, an official whose essential duty it is to uphold the privileges of the House of Commons, should be the sole arbiter in a case of dispute as to the respective privileges of the two Houses. The suggestion that the Speaker could be regarded as an impartial authority on such a question is not arguable. It is impossible that any man in such a position could give an absolutely impartial opinion. The Government proposal was that the official trustee of the privileges of one branch of the Legislature should act as counsel, jury and judge in a case in dispute between the two branches of the Legislature on that very point. No wonder Viscount Peel, for eleven years Speaker of the House of Commons and

a Liberal in sympathies, denounced this proposal as unfair to the Speaker, unjust to the House of Lords and calculated to bring the Speakership into contempt.

Into the details of the composition of the committee which the Opposition desired to set up, as the authority in lieu of the Speaker, or of the slight modification of their original proposal which the Government were willing to make, it is not necessary to enter. The point is, and it is one which the public will not fail to see, the enormity of forcing a great crisis, with all its irreparable consequences, upon the country on such a comparatively trivial matter as the exact constitution of the authority to be established to decide what is and what is not a money Bill.

Now as to the other count of the indictment, that the House of Lords invariably rejected Liberal legislation and that his Majesty's Ministers, who during their somewhat long wanderings in the wilderness accumulated a great mass of legislative proposals, do not find that they have a fair and reasonable opportunity of placing them upon the Statute Book. Such a charge no doubt sounds well upon the political platform, and is calculated to inflame the imagination of perfervid Radicals; but considered soberly, it will be found to rest upon no solid foundation. Of the Bills which have been sent up to the House of Lords by the present Government practically all have been passed either with or without minor amendments, and the number of Bills which have been rejected by the House of Lords can be enumerated on the fingers of one hand. Moreover, it is very doubtful whether the Government, after mature consideration, would now welcome on the Statute Book the Bills rejected by the House of Lords. They have since learned that those measures had not behind them any popular enthusiasm even among

their own supporters. Assuming, however, that the Government's complaint is a real one, can it be claimed that they did not obtain substantially all they wanted in that respect in the Parliament Bill as it left the House of Lords? Liberals complain of the Upper House rejecting their measures. Under the Bill as it was amended that House could no longer reject their measures; a Liberal Cabinet could pass over the heads of the Lords every Bill that the House has ever rejected. The National Liberal Federation, through the Liberal Cabinet of the day, could pass straight to the Statute Book measures dealing with any and every subject without the assent of the House of Lords. The Parliament Bill as it was read a third time in the House of Lords left the Cabinet absolutely supreme as the interpreter of the policy dictated by this or that party caucus—a caucus it may be with its headquarters in England, or in Scotland, or in Ireland, or in Wales. That was the object with which the Parliament Bill was framed, and in the Parliament Bill as it left the House of Lords that object was attained. It is difficult for any reasonable being to understand what more the Government could require than the absolute satisfaction of the demands which they themselves put forward. On Liberal, Radical, Welsh and Irish Nationalist platforms up and down the United Kingdom complaint had been made of the operation of what orators were pleased to call the "veto" of the House of Lords. The House of Lords at the dictation of the Government, urging an exceedingly questionable claim to represent the sober judgment of the country, temporarily, at any rate, put aside the veto, stipulating only that provision should be made in order to ensure that the judgment of the people on certain matters should be obtained.

The amendment put forward by Lord Lansdowne and accepted by the majority of the House of Lords was thoroughly in line with Liberal policy as enunciated by Mr. Gladstone and the great Liberal leaders of the past. It proposed to refer certain matters to the judgment of the people. What were those matters? They were questions connected with the Crown, the Protestant succession, and with what is commonly called Home Rule. Under the Parliament Bill as amended, measures affecting the Crown and the Protestant succession could be passed without the assent of the House of Lords, but could not be passed without the consent of the people. It is unnecessary to argue this question at length except to record that the only reason that the Government adduced against that part of the amendment was that it was impossible to believe that the present Ministry, or any Ministry, would wish to interfere with the Crown or the Protestant succession. This may be true, although the present Government during their term of office have been driven by circumstances to connive at many strange schemes. If there is any justification for the Government's plea, then why is the Protestant oath regarded as necessary from the Sovereign upon his succession? The fact is that Parliament in legislating on matters of extreme gravity cannot consider the personal characteristics of Sovereign or Ministers; it legislates not for today or for tomorrow, for this occupant of the throne or that, for this Ministry or for another; but it sets up safeguards, necessary though they may appear at the moment supererogatory.

The other question which it was proposed to reserve for the judgment of the people was the setting up of statutory Parliaments in the United Kingdom with legislative functions. Under the Bill, as it left the House of Lords,

the House of Commons could pass any Home Rule Bill for England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, over the head of the House of Lords. All that the amendment laid down was that, if a Government brought in Bills to set up statutory Parliaments with legislative functions, the opinion of the people on those Bills should be asked before they were placed upon the Statute Book. It is impossible to raise any real objection to such a thoroughly democratic provision. The proposal had nothing whatever to do with the merits or demerits of Home Rule. It was an amendment that could be, and was, supported not less whole-heartedly by the Marquis of Londonderry, speaking on behalf of the Unionists of Ulster, than by myself as a convinced Home Ruler. Nor did the amendment involve the question of the rights and powers that the House of Lords ought to have ultimately to reject a Home Rule Bill. Those rights had gone. The complaint of the Liberals had been that the veto barred their legislation—the veto had disappeared. The complaint of the Nationalist party in the House of Commons had been that the only obstacle to Home Rule lay in the veto—the veto had ceased to exist. The Government had obtained from the House of Lords all that they asked for, and so had their allies, the tied Nationalist party. The question therefore round which the whole trouble centred narrows down to a very simple one—namely, whether so great an organic change as would be involved in setting up a Parliament or Parliaments in the United Kingdom with legislative and administrative functions ought or ought not to be submitted to the judgment of the people. Why was the amendment refused? Two reasons are given, one colorable, the other nakedly absurd. It was deemed unnecessary on the ground that, as the people of the country knew that Home Rule formed part of the

general policy of the Government, they, having been returned to power at two General Elections, had a perfect right to deal with the question. But Home Rule is a most indefinite and elastic term, and may mean almost anything or almost nothing. Possibly the Cabinet know what they mean by Home Rule, but certainly the people do not know. If a Bill had been debated in Parliament, and if therefore the country had become cognizant of its scope, some strength might be found in the argument that the result of the last two elections gave the Cabinet practically a mandate to carry Home Rule. But there is not an elector in the country who has the faintest idea of what was, or is, meant by Home Rule; and to say that because a Government was returned to power after two General Elections—in which about a dozen questions were involved, and in which, as we all know perfectly well, the electors swallowed some half-dozen nostrums they did not like at all in order to get the other half-dozen which they earnestly desired—it has a right to bring in and pass without consulting the people any definite measure of any kind, dealing with principle included in an indefinite programme, is pushing the theory of representative government far into the regions of absurdity.

The other reason is that a great change has come over the spirit of the electorate, and that they would no longer object to Home Rule. With that I agree; but the argument is in favor of accepting, not of rejecting, the amendment. A great and salutary change of opinion manifesting itself, in spite of all obstacles, in Ireland, has reflected itself upon public opinion in Great Britain. His Majesty's Government say they are satisfied that the majority of the electors of this country would accept a Home Rule Bill. The Nationalist party in the House of Commons are of the same way of thinking.

In a letter which appeared in *The Times* of the 19th of July, Mr. Redmond, speaking for his party, said:

"I am quite convinced that Home Rule for Ireland has at its back the goodwill of the overwhelming majority of the British public."

Lord Londonderry, speaking for the most strenuous opponents of Home Rule, declared in the House of Lords that if a Home Rule Bill were submitted to the electors and were approved of by them he and his friends would honestly accept it. That was the situation. All the elements necessary for an amicable and final settlement were present. Why was the opportunity lost? If Mr. Redmond and the Nationalist party are absolutely convinced that the overwhelming majority of the electors of Great Britain are in favor of Home Rule, and if his Majesty's Government are also convinced, as they say they are, why should they have objected so strongly to asking the people the direct question and so settling the matter?

There can be but one answer. The Nationalist party would not allow the people to be consulted. Their action either belies their words or condemns them as anti-Home Rulers. Either Mr. Redmond does not desire to see Home Rule an accomplished fact, or he does not believe that the overwhelming majority of the people are in favor of it. Be that as it may, the people of Great Britain are bound to see the damning fact that the Nationalist party have taken up the utterly illogical position of refusing to allow a Home Rule Bill to be submitted to the judgment of the electors, though professing to believe that an overwhelming majority of them are in favor of it; and that the Government have prostituted the prerogative of the Crown, have forced a revolution upon the country and have broken up the Constitution at the illogical, unreasonable arbitrary command

of their masters. It requires no dramatic event such as a great creation of peerages to force so patent a fact upon the attention of the people. So great a betrayal of the public for party purposes has never been perpetrated in the annals of history; and I am gravely mistaken as to the English character if such unreasonable and tyrannical action does not create a feeling of bitter resentment against the Government that has been guilty of it, and unfortunately against Ireland and everything to do with that ill-guided country. Thousands of electors of an open mind, ready to take a reasonable, just, and generous view of Ireland and her claims, will be turned against her. A strong case, to my mind an unanswerable case, can be made for Home Rule. No case can be made for refusing to submit a scheme to the people. If Ireland were claiming independence, demanding a separate existence, the establishment of an Irish Republic with its own army and navy, consular and civil service and all the equipment of an independent Sovereign State, the means whereby the end was accomplished would matter nothing. But Ireland remains, and must remain, a partner in the concern. The deed of partnership requires remodelling, but the partnership must continue. Under those conditions the goodwill of the other partners is essential. For Home Rule two things are essential: the goodwill of the people of Great Britain and the stability of the Imperial Parliament. To make Home Rule synonymous in the eyes of the people of Great Britain with the destruction of the constitutional balance, the usurpation—for it comes to that—of the prerogative of the Crown, and their deprivation of the right to be consulted on matters of organic change, is to damn Home Rule. Such a policy is calamitous, for every portent indicates the supreme wisdom of adopting a policy of national conciliation be-

tween Great Britain and Ireland, and burying at last the feud of centuries. A policy of conciliation is necessary in the interests of Ireland, of the United Kingdom, and of the Empire at large.

Recent events have proved the absurdity of pretending that the Irish people are naturally disloyal, and that a Home Rule Parliament in Dublin would be a danger to the Crown and a menace to peace. But loyalty may be endangered if the interests of Ireland are sacrificed on the discredited altar of party politics. Parliament persists, at the dictation of the present Government, in imposing fresh burdens upon the people and in refusing the promised boon upon which the hearts of the Irish people are set—the completion of land purchase. It is essential in the interests of peace and prosperity, in Ireland, and I may add for the honor of Parliament, that the operation of land purchase be completed with as little delay as possible.

Mr. Asquith's Government may possibly succeed in producing a Home Rule measure which Mr. Redmond may feel compelled to accept, but the grave financial questions which must inevitably be raised in connection with land purchase and Home Rule can be settled satisfactorily only by co-operation of all parties, only by a policy of conciliation under which the people of the United Kingdom will lay upon the Government of the day the duty of settling the Irish question on a permanent basis once for all.

In refusing to take a popular vote on the question of Home Rule the Government have, if they are sincere Home Rulers, made a great tactical mistake. They have allowed their opponents to shift their ground from the merits of the case itself to the right of the electorate to be consulted upon it, whatever the merits may be. A fictitious opposition to Home Rule will be created. By mixing up Home Rule

with a sweeping revolution, the destruction of everything that the majority in England, at any rate, hold dear, by raising the temperature of party politics to fever heat, the Government have imperilled Ireland's just claims. Their arrogant policy will stir up a feeling of antagonism to Home Rule, land purchase, and everything connected with Ireland, which does not naturally exist, and the true policy of conciliation will receive a set-back from which it may not easily recover.

It would be out of place to state at length the only Irish policy which can heal the wounds of past centuries and cement a feeling of cordial friendship between the two islands. Any scheme if it is to contain the seeds of success must be framed on federal lines, and the constitutional question must be settled on a permanent basis. The power of a statutory Parliament, or of statutory Parliaments, is a delegated power. Stability of the central authority is a condition essential to stability of the subordinate authorities; order cannot owe allegiance to chaos. A statutory Parliament using delegated powers, unless those powers were derived from a strong and stable central authority, would have no chance of carrying on its business to the satisfaction either of the people immediately concerned, of the people of the United Kingdom, or of the people of a united Empire. A strong Second Chamber, a balanced Constitution, is an absolute necessity if a subordinate Parliament is not to run on the rocks during its earliest years. There are many instances of federation and delegation working well, but there is not one in which federation has not been to, and delegation from, a strong, stable, well-balanced central power. I am fearful of the fate of Home Rule obtained by a violation of constitutional liberty, secured as a result of a mere party manoeuvre,

placed upon the Statute Book by means which must inevitably cause resentment and hostility to it. I look with nervous dread to the prospects of a measure of Home Rule which does not carry with it the goodwill of the people of Great Britain. No reasonable being imagines that it is possible to frame an abiding Constitution for Ireland out of the wreckage of the British Constitution. It is inconceivable that a statutory Parliament could have a fair chance of permanence and success in the administration of Irish affairs, if subject to the authority of a Parliament in such a state of chaos as that to which the Imperial Parliament has been reduced.

What is the position in which we find ourselves? It is essential that all Constitutionalists, all Imperialists, all who believe in democratic rule, all lovers of liberty should grasp it. Ireland and her claims, political, social, and economic, have been forced below the horizon of practical politics by the weight of the urgent necessity of remodelling the Constitution. But Ireland need not utterly despair. From that same necessity her opportunity will spring. The relief of congestion is a question inseparable from the creation of a stable, balanced Parliamentary system, and the erection of a statutory Parliament or of statutory Parliaments is the only means whereby the disease of congestion can be cured. The problems of devolution and reconstruction are inseparable. In the solution of one the solution of both will be found, and it will be found in no other way.

The Constitutional party have had their lesson—a bitter one. When they had the opportunity, they could not or would not see far enough ahead. They failed to grasp the facts—plain enough

The Nineteenth Century and After.

I should have thought—that a complete remodelling of our institutions, and particularly of the House of Lords, was necessary, and that wise and, above all, timely legislation dealing with social questions was urgently needed. They lost the opportunity for reform, and the result is revolution. Reconstruction is now their task. Will they take warning from the past? Nothing short of bold, comprehensive measures will suffice. If, when reaction swings them into power, as sooner or later it must, they content themselves with inaction, however masterly, they and, as I think, the nation are doomed. If, taking advantage of the strategical position the blunder of the Government has enabled them to occupy, they adopt the purely negative policy of no Home Rule, they will sacrifice a long and useful future for a doubtful and temporary present gain. A large, bold, constructive policy, re-creating a well-balanced Constitution, setting up a stable Parliament capable of dealing with the business coming before it, viewing the claims of Ireland from a broad Imperial point of view, utilizing the innate conservatism of the people, especially of Ireland, in order to deal wisely with social and economic problems, that is the policy that is required, and nothing short of it will suffice. Reaction against the intolerable tyranny achieved by the present Cabinet, and the disgraceful means by which it has been obtained, will some day bring back the Constitutional party to power, but reaction will not keep them there. No party can live on a policy of negation. The sooner a strong constructive policy is placed before the people, the sooner will the Constitutional party be given power necessary to carry it into effect.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

AUGUST, 1811—OCTOBER, 1872.

In the month of February, 1830, Théophile Gautier, eighteen years of age, was whistling to himself the "Chasse du Burgrave" as he sketched in a nude figure at his easel in Rioult's studio, when a very fair young man called to see him; it was Gérard de Nerval. Producing a bundle of small squares of crimson paper (mysteriously stamped with one Spanish word, *Hierro!*) Gérard tore off six of them, and with a solemn air handed them to his schoolfellow of yesterday. "Bring with you," he said, "only men tried and true!" Gautier swore on his head that he would stand warrant for his group, and began at once to recruit his little squadron.

That instant was, perhaps, one of the happiest moments in Gautier's young life. The red tickets were free passes to Victor Hugo's *Hernani*, and the preliminary storm of rehearsals was already filling town and Press. Gautier was an ardent Romantic. In those days Art and Literature were close akin; the same movement seethed round the young Devéria and Eugène Delacroix that inflamed the partisans of Victor Hugo. The *rapins* of 1830 were great readers. The works of Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Byron, and Walter Scott littered the fine disorder of their studios; smudges of paint were as frequent as blots of ink on their dog-eared pages; and the enthusiasm of the young students remained a constant paroxysm. Under the flags of Hugo, Berlioz, Devéria, these young men set out to renew and inspire all the branches of Art, which, indeed, had sunk to a level of vitality singularly poor and chill and neutral with Casimir Delavigne, with the pupils of David. For Gautier and his friends, the classics, the Academicians, were "les Gris-âtres"; and they themselves, the Ro-

mantics, were "les Flamboyants." On February 2, 1830, when the curtain at last drew up on the first scene of *Hernani*, they filled every colgn of vantage in gallery, pit, and the "cages du poulailleur"; a brilliant horde of young barbarians ("les Brigands de la Pensée," as Philothée O'Neddy dubbed them), and their costume (like the arrangement of their names) was a programme in itself. None, however, could revel in splendor with Théophile Gautier. He was attired in trousers of a pale water-green, strapped down the seams with black velvet; instead of a waistcoat he wore a *pourpoint* of satin, in color a Chinese vermillion, laced up the back and finished down the front with an outstanding seam or rib, like a piece of plate-armor; he had a black coat, worn open, with a large shawl-collar of black velvet, a pale gray overcoat, lined with green, a wide-brimmed flat widenwake, from which his black hair escaped in a torrent of long curls. In this extraordinary costume he sat, impassable as a statue, his pale, regular features contemplating with imperturbable disdain the bald rows of "classic" Academicians in the stalls—until at some *tirade* open battle would begin; and then none would be so frenzied as our Cadet from Gascony.

For thirty nights the fray continued, increasing if possible in violence, until at last the victory remained with the Romantics. And at the end of these thirty nights Théo's vermillion waistcoat was as legendary as the white *panache* of Henri IV.

Le gilet rouge! [he was to write some forty years later]. C'est la notion de nous que nous laisserons à l'univers! . . . Nos poésies, nos livres, nos articles, nos voyages seront oubliés—mais l'on se souviendra de

notre gilet rouge. . . . Il ne nous déplaît pas, d'ailleurs, de laisser de nous cette idée; elle est farouche et hautaine, et à travers un certain mauvais goût de rapin montre un assez aimable mépris de l'opinion et du ridicule.

In fact, Théo's red waistcoat had attained the immortality of a Symbol. It was indeed appropriate to a poet who owned that what he loved and admired was "le monde palpable"—a poet in whom there survived the ghost of an art student who had died young—a poet who owned laughingly that he would have liked to walk the streets preceded by a negro slave striking a gong—

Suivi de cent clairons sonnânt des tintamarres.

There was nothing suggestive, nothing melancholy, nothing elusive, nothing mysterious about the Impeccable art of Théo. He flung it down on the counter before you, so to speak, hard and small and perfect (perhaps imperishable) as a handful of Roman coins—little things, but medals. In the pages of "Mademoiselle de Maupin," indeed in most of his pages (for, despite his pretensions to impersonality, his books are confessions, just like anybody else's), he gives us the outlines of his Arts Poetica—an art whose brilliance irradiates no warmth, whose sonority is prolonged by no intimate vibration, but perfect and polished, executed in all its details with an equal attention and curiosity.

Trois choses me plaisent l'or, le marbre et la pourpre; éclat, solidité, couleur. . . . La spiritualité n'est pas mon fait; j'aime mieux une statue qu'un fantôme, et le plein midi que le crépuscule. . . . Je trouve la terre aussi belle que le ciel, et je pense que la correction de la forme est la vertu. . . . Le Christ n'est pas venu pour moi; je suis aussi païen qu'Alcibiade ou Phidias. . . . L'extérieur m'a toujours pris violemment.

The same doctrine animates the beautiful verses that close the volume of "Emaux et Camées," verses long since classic (since such is the inevitable fate of the successful Romantic)—verses which are the seed whence sprang the harvests of Flaubert, Heredia, and Leconte de Lisle:—

Où, l'œuvre sort plus belle
D'une forme au travail

Rebelle,
Vers, marbre, onyx, émail.

Point de contraintes fausses!
Mais que pour marcher droit
Tu chausse,
Muse, un cothurne étroit.

Statuaire, repousse
L'argile que pétrir
Le pouce
Quand flotte ailleurs l'esprit.

Lutte avec le carrare,
Avec le paros dur
Et rare,
Gardiens du contour pur.

Peintre, fuis l'aquarelle,
Et fixe la couleur
Trop frêle
Au four de l'émailleur.

Fais les sirènes bleues,
Tordant de cent façons
Leurs queues,
Les monstres des blasons.

Tout passe.—L'art robuste
Seul a l'éternité;
Le buste
Survit à la cité.

Facility with accuracy and perfection without grandeur are the distinctive marks of Gautier's rare talent. The young Romantic with the long hair and the red waistcoat is in his art extraordinarily correct; and there is something which, in the best sense of the word, is classic in its clearcut firmness. In reading him we think inevitably of peaks of Pentelican marble glistening under a hard-blue noonday sky—or of some antique *basso-relievo* of which the

plain spaces are filled up with a wash of pure color—blues, greens, reds, russets, without half-tones or shades. His cameos and enamels represent no moving or important subject, but the most charming details—a Nymph at her bath, a beautiful Hermaphrodite flung face downwards on the grass, or (if he choose to be modern) a white swan imprisoned in the ice of some fountain in the wintry Tuilleries Gardens, where the icicles hang in stalactites from a frozen rosebush overhead; or (if he choose to be historical) the wonderful picture of seventeenth century Paris in "Le Capitaine Fracasse." Correct is the true epithet for these little masterpieces, without inspiration or haunting beauty, but admirably wrought with an ease, a science, a grace which recall—far more than the flaming colors of a *Devéria* or a *Delacroix*—the impeccable materialism of *Ingres* (how *Théo* would have raged!)—for instance, that *Odalisque* listening to a slave who plays the lute. Under *Théo's* Gascon extravagance and bravura there is also a Gascon sobriety. In that matter of *Hernani*, for instance, despite his red waistcoat he was in the right. The passion, the fantasy, the honest insolence of youth masked a judgment surer than that of the bald Academicians in the stalls. In reading Gautier we are never annoyed by that mysterious rumble of hollow absurdity which too often disturbs the grandeur and the beauty of his idol, Victor Hugo.

"Youth's a stuff will not endure." The youth of Gautier, which included a talent that was almost genius, great personal beauty, a courage that met with its triumph, an enthusiasm constantly exalted, the society of a band of comrades militant for the same idea, men who, in 1830, appeared all equally rare and extraordinary (for, at twenty, a *Philothée O'Neddy*, a *Pétrus Borel*, a *Jehan du Seigneur* appear no less gifted and prophetic than a *Musset*, a

Delacroix; or a *Berlioz*—such a youth as this left *Théo* for all his later years dazzled a little by its fugitive brilliance. His notoriety very early became a solid fame. "*Emaux et Camées*," "*Mademoiselle de Maupin*," with its easy charming language and its youthful affectation of perversity, "*Le Capitaine Fracasse*," that still delightful novel of adventure, established Gautier in the first rank of the Romantics. "*The Benvenuto Cellini of French Style*," "*The Sultan of Epithets*," "*The Monarch of Syntax*" was a figure to reckon with, and there seemed no height he might not scale.

"*Le Capitaine Fracasse*" showed Gautier's passion for the theatre; he was a dramatic critic and a composer of librettos, with his *entrées* on every stage; he was a handsome young poet, prompt to enthusiasm, and that enthusiasm played its brightest fires round the extraordinary family of the *Grisis*. There was *Giulia*, with her wonderful voice, which held all Europe spellbound; there was *Giulia's* cousin, *Carlotta Grisi*, the dancer, "*Giselle*," whom people flocked to see under *Louis-Philippe* and *Napoleon III*, as now they throng to see *Pavlova*; there was *Carlotta's* younger sister, another opera-singer, with her southern beauty and her deep contralto voice, and she it was who especially attracted our poet and who finally became *Madame Théophile Gautier*. Two little girls were born of this union. The poet had given hostages to fortune! And now what was to be done? "Enjoyment and achievement are the ends of life." So *Théo* had declared in all his early works; but it is sometimes difficult to put in practice (at least if you have a kind heart) this gospel, apparently so easy. *Théo* continued to believe in the pious and necessary egoism of genius, but he put his *Pegasus* in harness to a newspaper. The "*Sultan of Epithets*" became the "*Prince of Journalists*."

No doubt he was well aware that he minted his own immortality to pay the children's rent. "Qu'y faire?" he writes, with feeling, on recounting a comrade's similar condition.

Qu'y faire? . . . Se rattacher à quelque devoir, à quelque amour, à quelque dévouement; traduire le prix de ce travail rebutant en sécurité, en bien-être, en aisance pour des têtes chères, et sacrifier courageusement son orgueil sur l'autel du foyer domestique? Eh bien, vous ne serez ni Homère, ni Dante, ni Shakespeare!

and he adds (for life had taught him that every talent has its limitations, which, in the best conditions even, are reached more often soon than late).

L'eussiez vousêté même en ne faisant que des vers?

In putting on the yoke of the *feuilleton* Théo had abated none of his artistic scruples and pretensions. He reviewed books, wrote dramatic notices, described the salon in the same easy, golden, faultless style. In the *Goncourts' Journal* we meet him in 1857, in the newspaper office of the *Artiste*, "Théo, with his thick vague face and tired sleepy glance," and hear him mutter softly to himself, in endless appreciative repetition, a phrase he had caught that morning from his disciple Flaubert—"Idea results from Form." That was sovereign truth to Gautier. He expounds to the attentive brothers the principles of his art:—

At 11 o'clock every morning I push my chair to the table, take pen, paper, and ink, and begin my daily task. Heavens! how wearisome and useless it all appears. I write deliberately, circumspectly like a public scribe—not quick, but steadily on, since the thing has got to be done. . . . I never think about what I am going to say. I take my pen and go straight ahead—I am a writer by profession, and I know my trade when I see a sheet of paper before me. I am like a clown on a trapeze. I know my syntax by heart

and all the tricks of it; I throw my sentences up in the air, anyhow, qu'te aware that, like cats, they will always come down on their feet. I could teach any intelligent person how to write—a course of journalism in five-and-twenty lessons.

So poor Théo, in the prison of his ergastulum. But let us not pity him too much. It is likely that even the squirrel running round and round in his cage, if he do it very well, takes a certain pleasure in it.

Gautier was not one of those great geniuses who renew their youth, and develop their ideal, as they seize more and more the variety of the universe. To the end of his days he remained the devotee of the palpable and the exterior, "l'or, le marbre, la pourpre: l'éclat, la solidité, la couleur," and added no new gifts to the facile competence, the fine taste, the brilliant correctness which distinguish his early work. We can read his *feuilletons* still; and, when that happens (even as when we resume the innumerable *Entretiens* of Lamartine) we are astonished that we do not read them oftener. But, as a matter of fact, we open them less and less; and it is probable that our children will leave them on the shelf.

Gautier never thought that he had finally abandoned literature, and from time to time he resumed his worship of the authentic muses. In his daughter's delightful memoirs, "Le Collier des Jours," there is a charming description of his writing the "Roman de la Momie." It is a childish vision of a long French-windowed salon (all red and gold, naturally), encumbered with long tables, made of planks laid on trestles, heaped up with enormous folios of Egyptian archaeology; and there Théophile, with his long hair and fluffy beard, strides up and down, composing, gesticulating, and smiling at his little daughter, half-frightened by "ces phrases tonnantes, ces mots excessifs."

One day a hunt is made for Judith's work-box and for Judith's doll, and finally, in one of the flower-boxes on the balcony, a small sarcophagus is discovered, hermetically sealed with bands of gummed paper covered with scribbles in the form of hieroglyphics.

Ma poupée apparaît, alors, soigneusement enveloppée de bandelettes, la figure étroitement moulée par un masque en papier d'or, pris à un bâton de sucre de pomme, entourée de toute sorte de petits objets. . . . J'ai même volé quelques épis à un chapeau pour les placer à côté de la morte. . . . Mon père est très flatté et très content. Il me demande de lui donner cette petite momie . . . et il va l'installer sur la cheminée de sa chambre.

and doubtless this episode, for Théo, was the veritable Romance of the Mummy. His fairy-tale daughter, a beauty, an archaeologist, and a poet, was Gautier's recompense, and of all his artistic creations doubtless that from which he derived the most lasting pleasure.

Throughout the Second Empire Gautier's reputation spread. He had his court and his disciples—Flaubert, Baudelaire, Leconte de Lisle; and, if he had erred from Parnassus into the dusty catacombs of journalism, he wandered there at least a laurelled ghost—"a melancholy Anacreon," as

The Times.

he described himself to the Goncourts. The War of 1870 shattered his delicate vitality. The Goncourts met him again in the spring of 1872, and describe his condition as a sort of drowsiness of the brain, accompanied with no loss of intellectual power. "When he talks, he still disposes of an array of colored epithets and original turns of thought, but the *tempo* is slower, so to speak, and the outburst less spontaneous." The drowsy, dozing state increased, and a few months later Edmond de Goncourt paid his respects to Gautier dead. "His waxen face was lost in the mass of his long black hair; a wreath of roses lay upon his breast, and over his features there brooded the fierce serenity of a Barbarian, who is taking his rest in endless night. Nothing reminded me of a modern death-bed." A few years later the same observer notes the rapid diminution of Gautier's renown—confiscated, so to speak, by the rising fame of his disciple Flaubert. And it is certain that Gautier remains a glorious survival rather than a living influence in Art. It is probable, however, that a residue of his poems and stories will remain. No book can hope to live unless the writer was either a thinker or an artist. Théophile Gautier, at least, was to the very core an artist.

FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT SOLUM.

In the days of my childhood and up to the year 1886, the Justices of the Peace for the Gantick Division of the Hundred of Powder, in the county of Cornwall—in brief the Gantick Bench—held their Petty Sessions at Scawns, a bleak, four-square building set on the knap of a windy hill, close beside the high road that leads up from the sea to the market town of Tregarrick. The

house, when the county in Quarter Sessions purchased it to convert it into a police station or petty sessional court, had been derelict for twenty years—that is to say, ever since the winter of 1827, when Squire Nicholas, the last owner to reside in it (himself an ornament, in his time, of the Gantick Bench) broke his neck in the hunting field. With his death, the property

passed to some distant cousin in the North, who seldom visited Cornwall. This cousin leased the Scawns acres to a farmer alongside of whose fields they marched; and the farmer, having no use for the mansion, gladly sub-let it. The county authorities, having acquired the lease, did indeed make certain structural adaptations, providing tolerable quarters for the local constabulary, with a lock-up in the cellarage (which was commodious); but, for the rest, did little to arrest the general decay of the building. In particular, the disrepair of the old dining-room, where the magistrates now held session, had become a public scandal. The old wall-paper drooped in tatters; the ceiling showed patches where the plaster had dropped from the battens; rats had eaten holes in the green baize table-cloth; and the whole place smelt potently of dry-rot. From the wall behind the magistrates' table, in the place where nations more Catholic than ours suspend a crucifix, an atrocious portrait of the late Squire Nicholas surveyed the desolated scene of his former carousals. An inscription at the base of the frame commemorated him as one who had consistently "done right to all manner of people after the laws and usages of the realm, without fear or favor, affection or ill-will."

Beneath this portrait, on the second Wednesday in July, 1886, were gathered no fewer than six Justices of the Peace, a number the more astonishing because Petty Sessions chanced to clash with the annual meeting of the Royal Cornwall Agricultural Society, held that year at the neighboring market town of Tregarrick. Now, the reason of this full bench was at once simple and absurd, and had caused merriment, not unmingled with testiness, in the magistrates' private room. Each Justice, counting on his neighbor's delinquency, had separately resolved to pay a sacrifice to public duty, and to

drop in to dispose of the business of Sessions before proceeding to the Show. The charge-sheet, be it noted, was abnormally light; it comprised one single indictment.

"Good Lord!" growled Admiral Trist, Chairman of the Bench, Master of the famous Gantick Harriers, "Six of us to hear a case of sleeping-out!"

"Who's the defendant?" asked Sir Felix Felix-Williams. "Thomas Edwards"—Don't know the name in these parts."

"I doubt if he knows it himself, Sir Felix," answered Mr. Batty, the Justices' Clerk. "The Inspector tells me it's a tramping fellow the police picked up two nights ago. He has been in lock-up ever since."

"Then why the devil couldn't they have sent round and fished up one of us—or a couple—to deal with the case out of hand?"

"Dammed shame, the way the police nurse this business," murmured Lord Rattley, our somewhat disreputable local peer. "They're wanted at Tregarrick to-day; and what's more, they want the fun of the show. So they take excellent care to keep the charge-list light. But, since Petty Sessions must be held, whether or no, they pounce on some poor devil of a tramp to put a face on the business."

"H'm, h'm"—the Admiral, friend of law and order, dreaded Lord Rattley's tongue, which was irresponsible and incisive. "Well, if this is our only business—"

"There is another case, sir," put in Mr. Batty. "Wife—Trudgian by name—wants separation order. Application reached me too late to be included in the list."

"Trudgian?" queried Parson Volsey. "Not Selina Magor, I hope, that married young Trudgian a year or so back? Husband a clay-laborer, living somewhere outside Tregarrick."

"That's the woman. Young married

couple—first quarrel. The wife, on her own admission, had used her tongue pretty sharply, and, I don't doubt, drove the man off to the public-house, where he sat until sulky-drunk. A talking-to by the Chairman, if I might suggest——"

"Admirable," agreed Parson Voisey. "And I'll have a word with Selina afterwards. She used to attend my Young Women's Class—one of my most satisfactory girls."

"We'll see, we'll see," said the Admiral. "Are we ready, gentlemen?"

He led the way into Court, where all rose in sign of respect—Mr. Batty's confidential clerk, the Inspector, a solitary constable, a tattered old man in the constable's charge, and the two Trudgians. These last occupied extreme ends of the same form; the husband sullen, with set jaw and eyes obstinately fixed on his boots, the young wife flushed of face and tearful, stealing from time to time a defiant glance at her spouse.

In face of this scanty audience the six Justices solemnly took their seats.

"Thomas Edwards!" called the Clerk.

The tattered old man cringed up to the table, with an embarrassed smile, which yet had a touch of impudence, about the corners of the mouth.

"Thomas Edwards, you stand charged for that on a certain date, to wit, July 6th, you, not having any visible means of subsistence, and not giving a good account of yourself, were found lodging in a certain outhouse known as Lobb's Barn, in the Parish of Gantick, contrary, etc. Do you plead Guilty or Not Guilty?"

"Guilty, y'r Worships."

The constable, on a nod from the Inspector, cleared his throat, and stated the charge:—"On the 6th instant, y'r worships, at 10.45 in the evening, being on duty in the neighborhood of Lobb's Barn"—etc. Defendant, on being arrested had used the filthiest language,

and had for some time stoutly resisted being marched off to the lock-up.

"That will do," the Chairman interrupted. "You, Edwards—if that's your real name——"

"It'll do for this job," put in the prisoner.

"Very well. Have you anything to say?"

The prisoner ran his eye along the array of Justices. "Seems a lot o' dogs for one small bone!"

The Admiral stiffened with wrath, and the crimson of his face deepened as Lord Rattley threw himself back in his chair, laughing.

"Forty shillings, or a month!"

"Oh, come—I say!" Lord Rattley murmured. The Admiral, glancing to right and left, saw, too, that three or four of his colleagues were lifting their eyebrows in polite protest.

"I—I beg your pardon, gentlemen, for not consulting you. Correct me, if you will. I would point out, however, that, in addition to the offence with which he is charged, this fellow was guilty of violent and disgusting language, and, further, of resisting the police."

But his colleagues made no further protest, and Thomas Edwards, having but two coppers to his name, was conducted below to the cellarage, there to await transference to the County Jail.

"Selina Trudgian!"

The Admiral, viewing the young couple as they stood sheepishly before him, commanded Selina to state her complaint as briefly as possible, avoiding tears.

But this was beyond her. "He came home drunk, your Worship," she sobbed, twisting her handkerchief.

"I didn'," corrected her husband.

"He came home d-drunk, your worship . . . he c-came home d-drunk——"

"Now, hearken to me, you two!"

The Admiral, fixing a severe eye on them, started to read them a lesson on married life, with its daily discipline, its constant obligation of mutual forbearance. For a confirmed bachelor, he did it remarkably well; but it must be remembered that this was by no means his first essay in lecturing discordant spouses from the Bench. Lord Rattley, whose own matrimonial ventures had been (like Mr. Weller's researches in London) extensive and peculiar, leaned back and followed the discourse with appreciation, his elbows resting on the arms of his chair, his finger-tips delicately pressed together, his gaze pensively tracking the motions of a bumble-bee that had strayed in at an open window and was battering its head against the dusty pane of a closed one.

Just then, the Admiral, warming to his theme, pushed back his chair some few inches. . . .

For some days previously a stream of traction-engines had passed along the high road, dragging timber-wagons, tent-wagons, machinery, exhibits of all kinds, towards the Tregarick Show. This heavy traffic (it was afterwards surmised) had helped what Wordsworth calls "the unimaginable touch of Time," shaking the dry-rotted joists of Scawns House, and preparing the catastrophe.

The Admiral was a heavy-weight. He rode, in those days, at close upon seventeen stone. As he thrust back his chair, there came from the floor beneath—from the wall immediately behind him—an ominous, rending sound. The hind legs of his chair sank slowly; the frame tilted farther and farther; as he clutched wildly at the table, the table began to slide upon him, and, with an uproar of cracking timber, table, chairs, magistrates, clerks, together, "in one burial blent," were shot downwards into the cellarage.

The Inspector—a tall man—staggering to his feet as the table slid from him into the chasm, leapt and clutched a crazy chandelier that depended above him. His weight tore it bodily from the ceiling, with a torrential downrush of dust and plaster, sweeping him over the edge of the gulf and overwhelming the Trudgians, husband and wife, on the brink of it.

At this moment the constable, fresh from locking up Thomas Edwards below, returned, put his head in at the door, gasped at sight of a devastation which had swallowed up every human being, and, with great presence of mind, ran as hard as he could pelt for the hamlet of High Lanes, half-a-mile away, to summon help.

Now, the Inspector, as it happened, was unhurt. Picking himself up, digging his heels into the moraine of plaster, and brushing the grit from his eyes, he had the pleasure of recognizing Lord Rattley, the Parson, Mr. Humphrey Felix-Williams (son of Sir Felix), and Mr. Batty, as they scrambled forth successively, black with dust but unhurt, save that the Parson had received a slight scalp-wound. Then Mr. Humphrey caught sight of a leg clothed in paternal shepherd's-plaid, and tugged at it until Sir Felix was restored, choking, to the light of day—or rather, to the Cimmerian gloom of the cellarage, in which an unexpected figure now confronted them.

It was the prisoner, Thomas Edwards. A collapsing beam had torn away some bricks from the wall of his cell, and he came wriggling through the aperture, using the most dreadful oaths.

"Stir yourselves— Oh, —, —, stir yourselves! Standin' there like a — lot of stuck pigs! Get out the Admiral! The Admiral, I tell you! . . . Hark to the poor ol' devil, dammin' away down there, wi' two hundredweight o' table pressin' against his belly!" Mr.

Edwards, in fact, used an even more vulgar word. But he was not stopping to weigh words. Magistrates, Inspector, Clerk—he took charge of them all on the spot—a master of men. The Admiral, in the unfathomed dark of the cellar, was indeed uttering language to make your hair creep.

"Oh, cuss away, y' old varmint!" sang down Mr. Edwards, cheerfully. "The louder you cuss, the better hearin'; means ye have air to breathe an' nothin' broke internal. . . . Eh? Oh, I knows th' old warrior. Opened a gate for en once when he was out hare-huntin', up St. Germans way—I likes a bit o' sport, I do, when I happens on it. Lord love ye, the way he damned my eyes for bein' slow about it! . . . Ay, ay, Admiral! Cuss away, cuss away—proper quarter-deck you're givin' us! But we're gettin' to you, fast as we can. . . . England can't spare the likes o' you—an' she won't, not if we can help it. . . ."

The man worked like a demon. What is more, he was making the others work, flailing them all—peer and baronet and parson—with slave-driver's oaths, while they tugged to loosen the timbers under which the magistrate's table lay wedged.

"Lift, I tell ye! Lift! . . . What the —'s wrong with that end o' the beam? Stuck, is it? Jammed? Jammed your grandmothers! Nobbut a few pounds o' loose lime an' plaster beddin' it. Get down on your knees an' clear it. . . . That's better! And now pull! *Pull*, I say! Oh, not *that* way, you rabbits!—here, let me show you!"

By efforts Herculean, first digging the rubbish clear with clawed hands, then straining and heaving till their loins had almost cracked, they levered up the table at length, and released not only the Admiral, but the two remaining magistrates, whom they found pinned under its weight, one unharmed, but in a swoon, the other

moaning feebly with the pain of two broken ribs.

"Whew! What the devil of a smell of brandy!" observed Lord Rattley, mopping his brow in the intervals of helping to hoist the rescued ones up the moraine. At the top of it, the Inspector, lifting his head above the broken flooring to shout for help, broke into furious profanity; for there, in the empty court-room stood young Trudgian and his wife, covered, indeed, with white dust, but blissfully wrapt in their own marvellous escape; and young Trudgian for the moment was wholly preoccupied in probing with two fingers for a piece of plaster which had somehow found its way down his Selina's back, between the nape of the neck and the bodice.

"Drop it, you fool, and lend a hand!" objugated the Inspector; whereupon Mrs. Trudgian turned about, bridling. "You leave my Tom alone, please! A man's first call is on his wedded wife, I reckon."

The rescued magistrates were lifted out, carried forth into fresh air, and laid on the turf by the wayside to recover somewhat, while the rescuers again wiped perspiring brows.

"A thimbleful o' brandy might do the Admiral good," suggested the prisoner.

"Brandy?" cried Lord Rattley, "The air reeks of brandy! Where the——?"

"The basement's swimmin' with it, m' lord." The fellow touched his hat. "Two casks stove by the edge o' the table. I felt around the staves, an' counted six others, hale an' tight. Thinks I, 'tis what their Worships will have been keepin' for private use, between whiles. Or elst——"

"Or else?"

"Or else maybe we've tapped a private cellar."

Lord Rattley slapped his thigh. "A *cache*, by Jove! Old Squire Nicholas—I remember, as a boy, hearing it whis-

pered he was hand-in-glove with the smugglers."

The prisoner touched his hat humbly. "This bein' a magistrates' matter, m' lord, an' me not wishin' to interfere——"

"Quite so." Lord Rattley felt in his pockets. "You have done us a considerable service, my man, and—er—that bein' so——"

"Forty shillin' it was. *He's* cheap at it"—with a nod towards the Admiral. "A real true-blue old English gentleman! You can always tell by their conversations."

"The fine shall be paid."

"I counted six casks, m' lord, so well as I could by the feel——"

The Nation.

"Yes, yes! And here's a couple of sovereigns for yourself—all I happen to have in my pocket——" Lord Rattley bustled off to the house for brandy.

"England's old England, hows'ever you strike it!" chirruped the prisoner. gleefully, and, touched his forehead again. "See you at the Show, m' lord, maybe? Will drink your lordship's health there, anyway."

He skipped away up the road towards Tregarrick. In the opposite direction young Mr. and Mrs. Trudgian could be seen just passing out of sight, he supporting her with his arm, pausing every now and then, bending over her solicitously.

Q.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

PAPER VIII.—ON THE WORKS OF LORD TENNYSON.—ANSWERS.
BY A. D. GODLEY.

1. Give the name of the poet who had never written poetry. *Answer:* Alfred Tennyson, the poet's grandson. ("To Alfred Tennyson.")
2. Quote words illustrating Tennyson's knowledge of the Welsh language. *Answer:* "Bara" and "Din Saesneg." ("Sir John Oldcastle.")
3. Who was the lady of whom it has been said that she was difficult to please? *Answer:* Iphigenia. ("Quarterly Review," vol. xlix. p. 94.)
4. What is the function of the true Conservative? *Answer:* To lop the moulder'd branch away. ("Hands all Round.")
5. What initial line of an ode of Horace is quoted by Tennyson? *Answer:* "Uxor pauperis Ibyci." ("Becket," Act V. sc. 2.)
6. Who brought a present for the children, and what was it? *Answer:* Enoch Arden. A gilded dragon. ("Enoch Arden.")
7. Where did Zerubbabel Saunders live? *Answer:* In Cornhill. ("Queen Mary," Act III. sc. 1.)
8. At what hour did Queen Elizabeth go out hunting? *Answer:* At five. ("The Talking Oak.")
9. What information is to be conveyed to the poet after his decease? *Answer:* If the woodbines blow. ("My life is full of weary days.")
10. To whom is it unnecessary to show courtesy? *Answer:* The sheriff. ("Edwin Morris.")
11. Who had no tails? *Answer:* The girls. ("The Village Wife.")
12. Quote words which may have been the genesis of a familiar phrase in a Gilbertian opera. *Answer:* "My vapid vegetable loves." ("The Talking Oak"; cp. "A vegetable passion," in "Patience.")

The Cornhill Magazine.

ODE TO A MOUTHFUL OF SEA-WATER TAKEN
INVOLUNTARILY.

Thou sloppy splith of bitter Stygian floods!
Thou—thou—just wait until I've ceased to splutter,
Just wait a bit, I say, and I will stutter
Those terse, tremendous words which strong men mutter
(*E.g.*, what time they strive with dress-shirt studs),
And I will think those things one does not utter
But simply chews as cows their juicy cuds,
And keeps in close locked lips like canker-worms in buds.

Some moments since I think you would not find
A happier than I: the sun was beaming,
The sea and my strong cleaving arms were gleaming,
The gulls (and all the lady bathers) screaming,
The air was warm and Nature seemed most kind.
And then—then as I wallowed, idly dreaming,
A little wave came unawares behind
And slopped Thee down my throat, superlatively brined.

O sudden sorry sickening effect!
O cruelly unkind iconoclasm!
What grievous gulp, what nauseating spasm,
What tainted void, and oh! how sour a chasm
Hast Thou enforced! What pleasure hast Thou checkt!
Such are my feelings now, and whoso has 'em
Feels that his *joie de vivre* is wholly wreckt:
At least I do, who felt just now a man elect.

For fair Sabrina at my votive hands—
Sabrina with a charming bathing dress on—
Had promised to receive a swimming lesson:
Most wonderful, although I must confess on-
erous of duties! As the matter stands
I would as gladly fire a Smith-and-Wesson
Straight at my heart: Sabrina's sweet commands
Tempt me far less than do the unsubmerged sands.

It is enough. I do not ask for more.
The sea has lost its bright attractive shimmer,
And since (for I'm no really swagger swimmer)
I ope my mouth to breathe, another brimmer
Will doubtless find admission as before.
I feel Thy inward presence growing grimmer,
Rumors arise of fierce internal war,
And hateful is the dark blue sea. Here's for the shore.
Punch.

THE COMPENSATIONS OF ILLITERACY.

After a year spent almost entirely in the company of Russian peasants in villages where there was no railway and no newspaper, and where 80 per cent. of the population could neither read nor write, I have been greatly struck by the compensations of being illiterate. The mujiks are certainly the gainers in many ways if you compare them with those of their own class who in other countries have received elementary education. They are sociable and brotherly; they do things together, sing together, pray together, live together. They like meeting together in public places, in churches and markets. They like great parties at marriages and funerals, and prodigal hospitality at all festivals. They like to wash themselves together in the public baths, and to work together in field and forest. They are more public than we are; less suspicious, less recluse. They would never live next door to anyone and not know all his family and his affairs. They always want to know the whole life and business of a stranger mujik, and the stranger is always willing to tell. They do not shut themselves in; their doors are open, both the doors of their houses and the doors of their hearts. This simple charity is the peasants' heritage. It is what we have lost by our culture. It is a golden virtue, better worth preserving than all other prosperity. Consider how it is we have partly lost it, and how the peasant may lose it also if the ministers of progress are not careful.

Carlyle once observed that the book had now become the church. Men entered into books as formerly they entered churches. This is profoundly true, but it is not a truth of which to be necessarily proud. The book has been a great separating influence. It

has taken us away alone, it has refused to be shared with others, it has taken us from our parents, our wives, our husbands, our friends. It has given us riches, and not necessarily given the same riches to others. It has distinguished us; it has individualized us. It has created differences between ourselves and our fellow-men. Hence our pride, our suspicion, our distrust. Churches are not of stone. A church is composed of two or more people gathered together with one accord. The great ideal of a nation has been to be one church, but books have been the disintegration and ruin of that church.

In Russia there are no books. The Church supplies the place of all books—I am of course speaking of the peasantry. Instead of every book being a church, the church is the book. Hence the delight in every tiniest portion of Church ritual; hence the full attendance at the churches; hence the delight in the service and in the music; hence the wonderful singing, that is accomplished without organ and without books of the score. If Russian choirs astonish Western Europe, it is because Russians have loved to come out and sit together on logs in the village street, and sing for hours, night after night. If they learn to play the balalaika well, it is because they all make balalaikas themselves, and play upon them together from boyhood to old age.

Because the peasants have no books to read, they are all forced to read the book of Nature. They do not hear the imitation of the nightingale, therefore they listen to the nightingale itself. They do not look at "real life," as depicted in novels, therefore they look at real life without the novels. If the mujik had books, he would build higher, larger houses, so that he might

have a room into which to retire and read and have silence. But as it is, he lives in one room, and likes to see all his family about him, and as many of his relatives and friends as possible. He rejoices to give hospitality to pilgrims and tramps bringing stores of other lands and other provinces. He rejoices in keeping open house and in visiting. To such an extent has hospitality gone that not only is open house kept, but *open village*. There is a whole system of festivals throughout the north, and the villages take it in turn to keep open house for the inhabitants of all the villages round. All this is due to the fact that the peasants have what we should call spare time. Because they do not read, they have time to enter into many more relations with their fellow-beings—for spare time, after all, means spare life.

As I have said before, in Russia you may study conditions of life which were once the conditions of England. You can see what England has left behind. Here in the life of this mediæval peasantry is a veracious picture of our own past. It is more instructive than any book.

One is told that in London every shop had formerly its sign. I believe this was due to the fact that the great mass of the people could not read. To-day in Russia all shops have their signs. Outside the baker's shop, beside his printed name—printed name, by the way, often quite unintelligible to himself—is a very lively picture of white loaves and rolls, biscuits, krendels, baranki, cakes. Outside the fishmonger's is a large picture of fish; outside the butcher's, of meat; outside the poulterer's, of chickens and game; outside the teashop, of a samovar, teapot, glasses, and saucers, and so forth. Houses are painted red, green, yellow, blue, so that the peasants may easily differentiate between them, or explain the way. Trains are sent off by bells

at the station, because the peasants cannot read the time-tables. The first bell, one chime, is a quarter of an hour before the train starts; the second, two chimes, is five minutes before; and the third, three chimes, means the train is starting. At post-offices men are employed to write letters for peasants, or read them, at a fixed tariff: For addressing an envelope, one farthing (copeck); for writing a postcard or a short letter, five farthings; for writing a long letter, ten farthings; and for reading a letter aloud, three farthings.

Then every pillar-box has a picture of a letter shown on it, so that the mujik may know it is the place in which to drop his postcard or his envelope. Because the peasant cannot read, there are no hoarding advertisements staring at his eyes, whether he wants to see them or not. This surely the eye-sick Londoner must regard as a tremendous compensation for illiteracy. But the greatest compensation of all is that through his illiteracy the peasant is nearer to reality. He does not read about life, he lives; he does not read about death, he dies; he does not read about God, he prays. He has his own thoughts, and they are not muddled up with other people's thoughts. His mind is not a confusion of a thousand disconnected ideas; he reflects in his soul the deep beauty of Nature itself.

I fell in with a squire's son one day on my travels, and he invited me to drive with him along the road to Viatka, and I agreed. With him I vented this subject. He was one of the intelligentia. "I'd teach them all to read," he said, "print books cheaply and spread them broadcast. Look at the great masters waiting to be read—Shakespeare, Tolstoy, Dostolevsky, Dickens, Nietzsche. Think what boundless profits the mujiks might have, what new ideals, what develop-

ment, what delight! Then modern writers would also get more money for their books."

I disagreed, because in England free education has nearly killed good modern literature. In the estimation of new literature, the majority is always wrong—in the estimation of the classics, the majority are always sheep. Therefore I say, keep the majority out of it till the minority is quite sure it can take care of itself. "You talk of Nietzsche for the masses," I said. "Do you not know that passage—'That everybody is allowed to read, spoileth
The Outlook.

in the long run, not only writing, but thinking. Once Spirit was God, then it became man, and now it is becoming mob——'?"

"Oh," he replied, "but in Russia even the lowest read Nietzsche and understand. Why, in Moscow the boys in the schools call themselves Dionysian or Apollonian, just as in yours they call themselves Whig and Tory."

"As in ours they call themselves Oxford and Cambridge," I replied, and I saw he had not understood me. But that is what Nietzsche meant by spirit becoming mob.

Stephen Graham.

LITERATURE AND THIRST.

It is one of the few privileges of the dyspeptic that he thoroughly understands what thirst is, and consequently thoroughly enjoys the quenching of it. Not for him the moderation of the exasperatingly well-balanced man who, in the hottest weather, only moistens his lips with a little water, or at the most washes out his mouth, but does not swallow the cooling liquid. No; the dyspeptic requires his drinks to be very long, and either very cold or very hot. and when in hot weather the dyspeptic hears the tinkle of ice and glass, and sees the dullness of frost on the outside of a tumbler, he knows that one of the pleasantest physical sensations procurable for him in this world is at hand. His imagination is stirred, not only by the thought of liquid matter passing down his throat, but by the artificial differences of temperature which he is about to produce; by the idea of a cold glacial stream being poured into the arid desert of his system.

In all imaginative people—and in this matter the imagination of the dyspeptic is hypersensitive—the sensation of thirst is almost as much a literary

sense as it is a physical one; it is extraordinarily stimulated by words and ideas. Most of us know some particular food or drink, the desire for which is stimulated in us by reading about it. But the writing must be skilful, or if not skilful, artlessly good. The cruder method of the stage produces the same effect; all smokers have experienced the almost overwhelming desire to smoke which comes upon them when someone lights a cigarette on the stage; and on me, at any rate, those strange and rapid restaurant meals of the fashionable theatre, when a party sits down at a table and is whirled through six courses in about five minutes, surrounded by champagne bottles in ice buckets and trays of liquors, have an absurdly exciting effect. It is an entirely imaginary hunger which I suffer on these occasions, for if I were to be suddenly led forth and given a seat at the feast, I probably could not eat anything; but sitting helplessly in my stall, half-an-hour after dinner, I suffer all the pangs of starvation. And the literary stimulation of these symptoms is exactly the same thing on a somewhat higher scale. Tobacco,

food and drink are the things which most lend themselves to this kind of treatment—one may call it verbal hypnosis. It is a science as yet only partially understood by advertisers; when it is fully understood advertisements will only be written by the most skillful and imaginative literary artists.

The treatment of food and drink in literature, and especially of drink and thirst, is one of the most interesting of the minor literary studies. Some of the greatest authors, and some who have treated the subject most freely, have never understood it. Dickens, for example, who was a master in the literary treatment of the more homely kinds of food, never really understood drink. "*Pickwick*" is full from cover to cover of brandy and water, hot and cold, but chiefly cold—a most nauseous drink, and what is more to the purpose, not one of the drinks which lends itself to true literary treatment. It is only the very simplest drinks that are suitable, because it is not appetite or the palate which can be appealed to by verbal hypnotics so much as the elementary sensation of thirst. Water is easily, therefore, the chief substance for which desire can be created by the literary method. The Bible contains all the classical examples of the literary treatment of water, whether in the form of seas, or rivers, or streams, or fountains, or mere reviving draughts. And next to water, which really stands by itself as one of the elements, the best drinks for literary purposes are milk, tea, and coffee. The point is not so much whether you like these drinks above all others, as whether, if you read about them in skilful writing, you may be brought to imagine that you greatly like and desire them. Personally, I think milk is a delicious drink, although many people do not like it; but I could guarantee to make it appear delicious to anyone in half a page of writing. The last word on tea

was not Cowper's much quoted and rather artificial "cups that cheer but not inebriate"; but Lamb's simple phrase "whole goblets of tea" which in a quite incredible way can produce in the ordinary reader in an armchair all the sensations of fatigue, heat, and refreshment by tea. Coffee comes into a rather different category; for literary purposes it should never be used in connection with thirst, only in connection with cold, as a heating and reviving thing. The proper group of words is "hot coffee and rolls," which, even used with moderate skill and a little atmosphere of wintry weather, or exposure to a snowstorm on the top of a coach, will generally produce an overwhelming desire for coffee in the minds even of people who dislike it. But there, for English readers, the list almost ends. You can make a Frenchman thirsty by writing about wine, but not an Englishman; and beer, when you have rung all the changes on "nut-brown" and "foaming tankards," is a strangely disappointing stuff for literary purposes. I like beer very much, but I have never been made thirsty for it by reading except in one case, where a character of Mr. Arnold Bennett's who is drinking beer keeps wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, and ejaculating at intervals one word, "Beer!"—nothing else. This, I think, must be accepted as the correct treatment of beer in literature.

Thackeray stumbled heavily in the matter of drink in his books; "potations of cold brandy and water" is a phrase which he frequently employs—a phrase both deplorable in itself and for the images it conjures up. Meredith seldom condescended to anything beneath vintage champagne and the greater wines of Burgundy and the Rhine; but he deals with nothing so simple as thirst, and he keeps you waiting for your drink while he spins long and highly artificial essays on the philoso-

phy of bubbles. Mr. Thomas Hardy, on the other hand, is faithful to cider, which in his hands, but in his hands only, becomes one of the classical literary drinks worthy to rank with the wine of Greece, the water of the Bible, and the tea of Charles Lamb. Such things as lemonade and ginger-beer are utterly useless for literary purposes; the nearest thing that one could get to them would be lime-juice—but you must not call it lime-juice; you must call it “the juice of a fresh lime squeezed into a tumbler of cold spring water.” As a matter of fact, lemon-squash is a far pleasanter drink than lime-juice; but by the literary method I would undertake to make ten people want to drink lime-juice for one that I could make want to drink lemon-squash.

This literary stimulus of appetite is a very real thing. I remember that when I was a very little boy I used, in the interval between breakfast and going to church on Sunday mornings, to be given a book called “Line upon Line” to read, and I used regularly to go through the following remarkable ritual. I used to turn up the passage about Elijah being fed by the ravens; the words in the narrative were “And the ravens used to bring Elijah bread and meat.” There was a woodcut of the prophet sitting in a kind of rocky grotto in a dressing-gown and very long beard, with the ravens giving him in their beaks slices of bread, apparently cut from a loaf, with slices of what looked like sirloin laid upon them. When I had read this passage and looked at the picture I used to go down to the larder where certain foods were always prepared in advance on Sundays. Among them was a plate containing slices of a kind of currant-bread buttered; one of these I used to abstract and eat, carefully arranging the others so that its absence should not be noticed. It represented to me the

bread and meat of the picture. No other substance would have been of the least use to me; there were many things I liked better in the larder, but it was for this that the sacred work had created an appetite, and this alone which would satisfy it. The time must have been about an hour after breakfast, so it cannot have been genuine appetite; it was false, or literary, appetite.

But let me put my own theories to the test. Probably you do not like buttermilk, or more likely you do not know what it really is. Fast disappearing now in the days of patent separators and agricultural co-operation, it was in my childish days an honored drink in Ireland, and among the poor more than that—“food and ralmeat both,” as I have heard an old peasant ejaculate after a deep draught of it, while indeed some surplus drops were adorning his coat. But the buttermilk of my memory is associated with the most wonderful larder, lying deep in the stone outworks of an ancient house, lit dimly at one end by a door veiled with boughs of jasmine, and giving on to a walled garden, and at the other end opening, by mysterious partitions, into a store-room sacred to the mistress of the house, where one was given delicious things to eat, and whence there came always a faint odor of spices. Out of the glare of the strong sunshine and play among the salt spray and surges of the shore I would come as a child into this magic world of coolness and darkness. At the far end of the larder stood always a great crock or jar kept half full of buttermilk, with a dipper hanging on the side, and cups and glasses always there for the use of the thirsty children of the house. Out of the glare, I say, from one's toiling play by the loud seashore, one would hurry for a moment into this cool and fragrant darkness. The crock was very thick and of a coarse substance, allowing a certain amount of evapora-

tion, so the buttermilk was always very, very cold. The dipper would be seized, and the cold depths of the crock gently agitated; up would come the dipper, dripping snow and milk and ice; the cup would be filled, a deep breath fetched, and the nectar, cold, astringent, and aromatic, would be drained with great gulps and sighs. The dipper would be returned and sink with a gurgle into the buttermilk; and children emerging from the larder would appear to be wearing a small white moustache. And as we came out thus

The Saturday Review.

from the cool darkness, the wind and the sun and the sea, rough playfellows of our childhood, would greet us like brothers.

Innocent, delicious draught! More potent still than any drug to conjure visions of gardens and the sea, and to bring back the dream scents of salt and honey and jasmine and verberna; but powerless as any cup of Circe, or any draughts of Lethe, to quench that most divine of thirsts, the thirst of the soul for its own youth, and the good things that are gone.

Filson Young.

BIBLE ENGLISH.

Style in literature is, like beauty, compounded of elements. But the result of their fusion is more than a sum or a product. It is a new substance. Yet analysis has its uses. By isolating an element here and an element there it enables the imagination to study the object under various separate aspects, which otherwise might have been obscured by the total effect. No one knows better than the analyst that to sort out the elements does not explain the compound, neither, as is too often supposed, does it explain it away. The office of analysis is at once too humble and too practical to claim such explanatory capacity.

The style of "the noblest example of the English tongue" will bear analysis as its subject-matter has borne criticism. It is a lamentable fact that we do not possess, as the Greeks possessed, any scientific treatise on the dynamics of our own tongue. The completion of the Oxford Dictionary may facilitate the inception of such a study by digesting the necessary materials. As it is, we know more of the mechanism of Latin than of English prose. As for the prose of the Bible, even its more dominant elements

are difficult to isolate. They are as much psychological as linguistic; elements not only of the English tongue, but of the English spirit. Of the prose of the Bible it may indeed be said, "*Le style c'est le peuple.*" For instance, there is the adaptation of Hebrew ideas; it is an adaptation, not only in expression, but in substance. No doubt there are few ideas which are absolutely identical in two languages. Among those few would be classed the concepts of mathematics. Yet we cannot be quite sure even about these, for while to an Englishman a given arithmetical idea presents itself in a numerical form and with a numerical content, to an ancient Greek it was geometrical, his unit of number being a line and his concept of multiplication a rectangle. It might seem inevitable that in a translation from the Hebrew the essence of the ideas at least would remain Hebraic. But there are good grounds (among them being the influence of the Bible upon the English people) for believing that this is not the case. *A priori*, of course, the mere fact of translation proves that the ideas, in passing from Hebrew to English words, have ceased to be Hebrew,

and have become English. The remarks of Jesus the son of Sirach in the preface to his translation, from Hebrew into Greek, of his grandfather's *Wisdom*, which we know as *Ecclesiasticus*, are very much to the point. He says: "The same things uttered in Hebrew, and translated into another tongue, have not the same force in them; and not only these things, but the law itself, and the prophets, and the rest of the books, have no small difference when they are spoken in their own language."

On the other hand, it might seem inevitable that the genius of the English tongue should predominate in the structure of sentences, the arrangement and rhythm of the periods. If we confine our conception of the genius of English to prose, dealing as we are with English prose, the presumption does not seem to be borne out by the facts. One cannot point to any absolute standard for the mechanism even of the simple sentence; language is a living thing; what we see is a series of oscillations about a norm which is itself an abstraction. Thus, from Sir John Cheke to Robert Louis Stevenson, there may exist some hundreds of fluctuating variations. But, if we were to analyze these and deduce from them a standard type, this type would certainly not resemble any specimen of typical Bible English.

Such a specimen may be taken from the first sentence of *Ecclesiasticus*, the preface to which we have cited.

"All wisdom cometh from the Lord, and is with Him for ever." That contains the essence of the characteristic style of the prose of our Bible. We select it for the interesting contrast it presents to the preface. For, if we were searching for a specimen containing the essential characteristics of English prose, we could hardly do better than quote the words already cited from this preface. Compare them

from any point of view, and with any qualifications, to the already cited first words of *Ecclesiasticus*. There is clearly a profound difference.

We are not implying that these characteristics, whatever they may be, are Hebraic. We merely suggest that they are not the normal characteristics of English prose, either at the period of their composition or at any other. One or two further specimens will serve to emphasize the type and to show how constant it is. "Thy way is in the sea, and thy paths in the great waters; and thy footsteps are not known." "Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being fast bound in misery and iron." "And there was no more sea." "The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part me and thee." "As rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." "Rise up, ye women that are at ease. Hear my voice, ye careless daughters." "They sold the righteous for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes."

If it be objected that we have quoted from poetical passages alone, a glance at any page of hortatory or narrative prose will show the same type. "The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness." "He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully and with tears." "So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the Garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life." "And the whole earth was of one language and of one speech." "But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt." "And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow." "And it came to pass, as he was worshipping in the house of Nisroch his god, that Adrammelech and

Sharezer his sons smote him with the sword: and they escaped into the land of Armenia. And Esarhaddon his son reigned in his stead."

What are these characteristics? Clearly the passages cited haphazard out of hundreds of thousands like them bear a special stamp. When we consider them, we find that they have a particular appeal to the ear. And, in fact, we may take it that the first and most prominent characteristic is a special rhythm. It is of a simple type, but, as the least study will show, it is handled with extraordinary art. It is neither too fluent nor too slow, but it is both smooth and weighty. It is carefully balanced in the complementary members of a sentence, yet it never degenerates into metre. The rhythm of many English writers tends to be either dissipated among polysyllables or emphasized to monotony, iambic as in Blackmore, hexametric as in Ruskin. But the rhythm of the Bible, though built of the same elements as the verse of Shakespeare and Milton, is specifically a prose, not a verse, rhythm. The perfection of its technique is infallible, the type is only deserted when, if we may so put it, the inspired words are forced to accommodate themselves, as occasionally is inevitable, to the more commonplace details of a narrative. This rhythm, we submit, is unique in English literature, and to it our Bible owes the greater part of its literary appeal.

A second characteristic is the dividing or doubling of a thought. The Psalms supply the most familiar example. Here, it must be admitted,

The Spectator.

we have to do with a specific quality of Hebrew poetry, though such "parallelism" is inherent in all verbal expression. It is too familiar to quote specimens, but how well it is adapted to the sentence-rhythm! A comparison of the A.V. version of the Psalms and the Prayer Book version is interesting in this connection. For it is a curious fact that the A.V. Psalter shows the characteristics of rhythm and of parallelism in their least perfect form, while the Prayer Book version shows them at their best. There is no doubt that the latter version is entirely the work of Coverdale. In it he surpassed himself.

Among minor qualities are the tendency to the use of weighty monosyllables and the almost entire absence of abstract ideas. It may be said that every idea, every concept, every image, is both concrete and vitalistic, a living organism. Even a phrase like "out of it are the issues of life" is no exception, for the older sense of "issue" is frankly concrete. Again, as in all great style, there is "the inevitable word."

The transmutations undergone by the Scriptures in their passage from Hebrew and Greek to English were various. Coverdale speaks of translating "out of Douche [German] and Latyn into Englishe," and also "out of fyve sundry interpreters." Of a perfect translation it may be said without paradox that its final merit is faithfulness, not to the original, but to the copy. The result in this instance is the greatest organic monument both of English genius and of English speech.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The latest volume in the "Wisdom of the East" series is a group of "Legends of Indian Buddhism" se-

lected from Eugène Burnouf's "L'Introduction à l'Histoire du Bouddhisme Indien." The six legends included in

the volume are specially chosen as illustrating fundamental Buddhist doctrines, revealing the civilizing influence of Buddhism and telling the history of Asoka, the greatest of Buddhist kings. E. P. Dutton & Co.

To the "New Universal Library" has been added a volume containing "Early Essays on Social Philosophy" translated from the French of Auguste Comte, and furnished with notes and an introduction by Frederic Harrison. The first of the six essays included in the volume was written when the author was but twenty-one years old, and the last when he was thirty. They illustrate both the extraordinarily early development of Comte's mind, and the consistency of his scheme of scientific philosophy and social polity. So concentrated and unsparing was his devotion to study that it is not surprising that a course of seventy-two lectures on positive philosophy which he had planned for the year 1826, when he was 28 years old, was interrupted by a cerebral attack. Overwrought Nature will have her revenges. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The view which Mr. H. W. C. Davis takes of "Medieval Europe" in the volume with that title which he contributes to the new Home University Library (Henry Holt & Co.), is quite different from that of Gibbon. To him the Middle Ages do not appear as a long night of ignorance and force. He holds that we should not judge an age by its crimes and scandals; and that the medieval nations must be judged by their philosophy and law, by their poetry and architecture, by the examples which they afford of statesman-

ship and saintship, and that the highest medieval achievements "are the fruit of deep reflection, of persevering and concentrated effort, of a self-forgetting self in the service of humanity and God." He begins his history with a sketch of the fall of the Roman Empire and the causes which contributed to it, and passes in rapid review the history of the barbarian kingdoms, the relations of the Holy Roman Empire to the new monarchies, the characteristics of feudalism, the relations of the Papacy to the medieval state, and the expansion of Europe. Succinct, comprehensive, judicial and profoundly interesting, this modest treatise is a marvel at once of thoroughness and of condensation.

Those who already know and love "The Owls of St. Ursula's," by Jane Brewster Reid will find in its companion story "Carey of St. Ursula's," a sequel not at all disappointing. The episodes in the school life of a group of girls thoroughly interesting and well worth knowing, are just those which will appeal to "young people of all ages." But aside from being a charming story, the book is unusually interesting because of its very clever and intuitive drawing of the heroine, Carey Selden. A naturally timid girl, prone to dwell too much within herself, but with sterling qualities which win in the end, Carey passes through a series of experiences which force her at last to let the "half gods" go, and to awaken to her full possibilities. A number of delightful illustrations enhance the appeal which this genuinely good book cannot fail to make. The Baker and Taylor Co.



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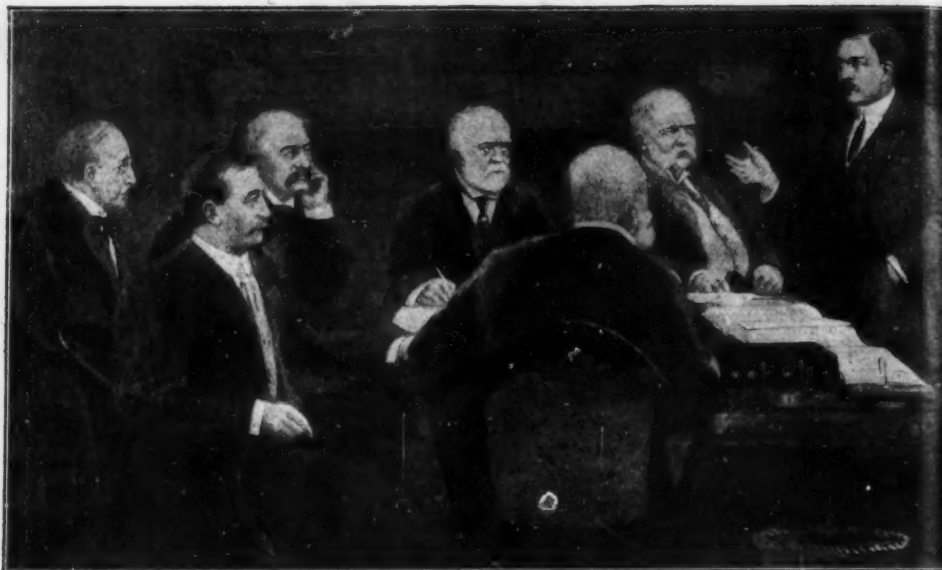
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